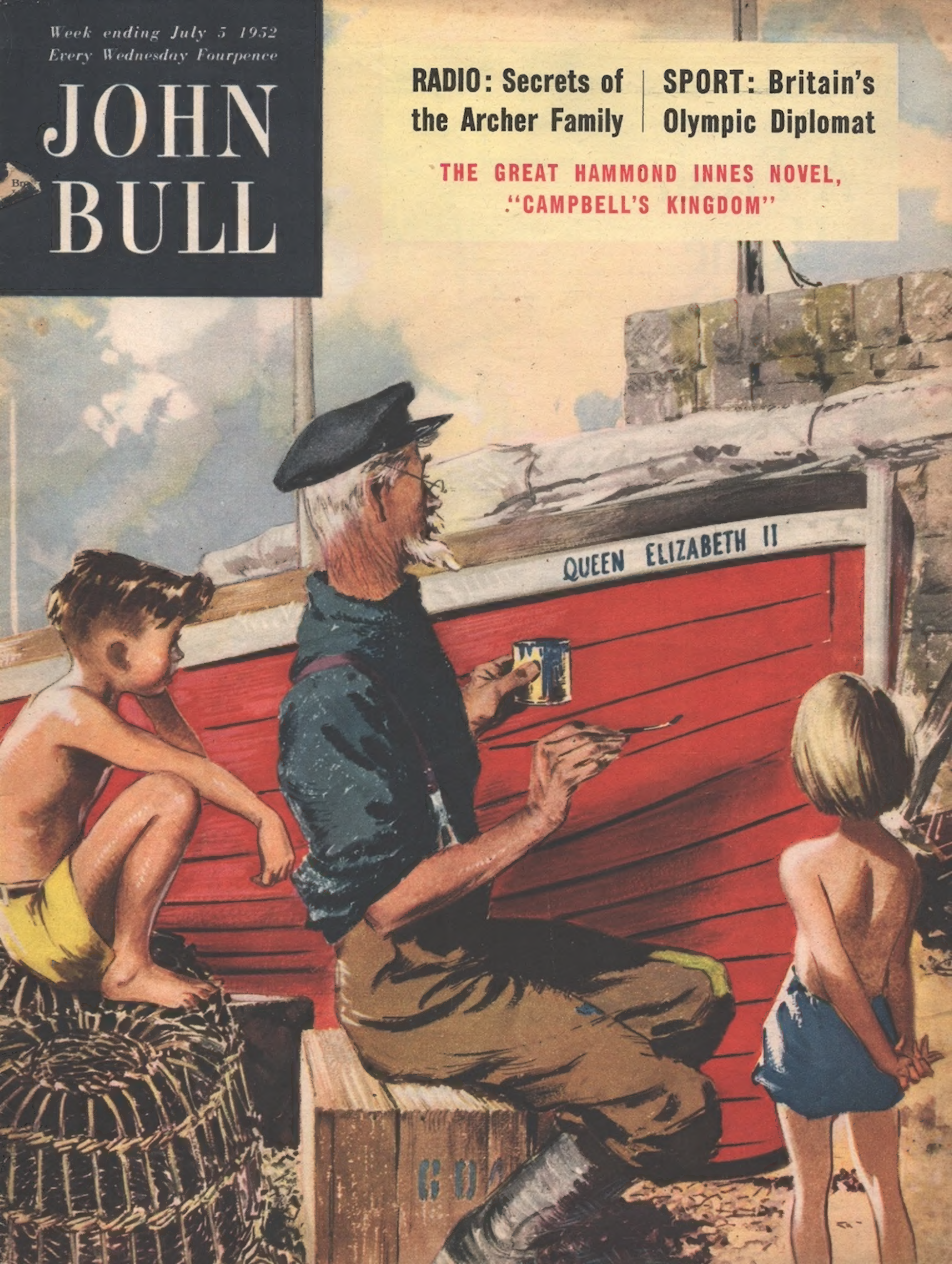
Week ending July 5 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

RADIO: Secrets of the Archer Family

SPORT: Britain's Olympic Diplomat

THE GREAT HAMMOND INNES NOVEL, "CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM"



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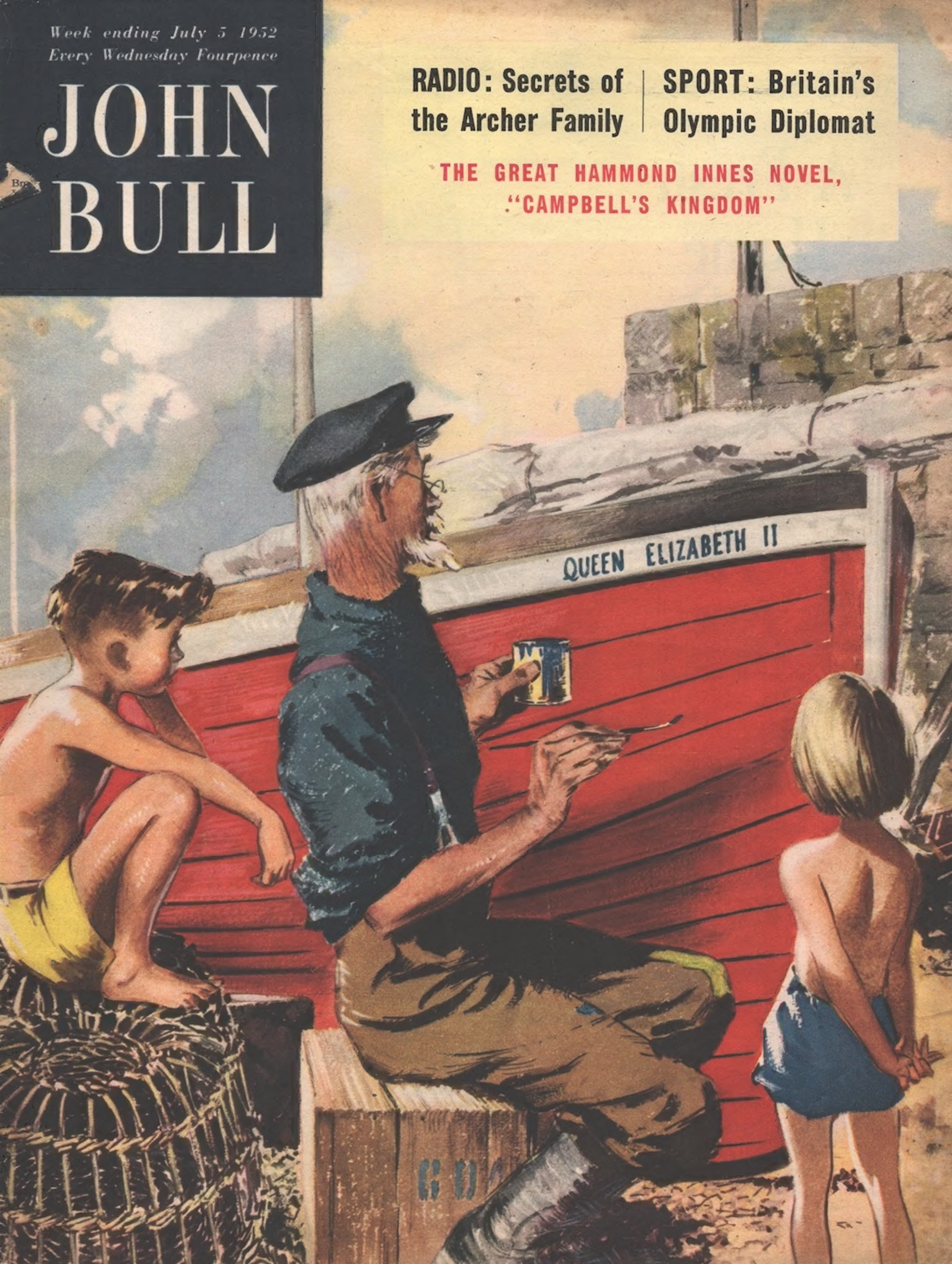

WONDERFUL NEWS–

A Fresh Home Every Day

"My dear, was it really as simple as all that?"

"Yes, the answer was in a bottle. I was out shopping one day and bought ZAL—and well here you are—in the fresh home it gave me. No other disinfectant smells so sweetly of real pines."

ONLY 1/-
a big value bottle

spreads
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Fares and the future

THE GREAT FARES MUDDLE of 1952 has been "straightened out."

Soon season-ticket holders and others who buy cheap tickets outside London will have to pay an extra five shillings on every pound. Londoners will pay similar rates instead of the higher ones which were inflicted on them last March.

But what about next year? And the year after?

"Now, as for many years past," says the Transport Minister, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, "passengers are really travelling on the back of the nation's freight charges."

SINCE that statement is unfortunately true, it follows that nothing has really been solved by the new fares arrangement.

The nation's transport system has merely been given a slight boost at a cost to travellers of yet another £16,000,000 a year.

That may be enough to keep it out of the red in 1952. Or it may not, for costs rose by £70,000,000 during last year and the increase has continued.

So the prospect is that fares will have to go on chasing costs either until prices generally stop rising—if they do stop! — or until some fair arrangement is worked out to enable both road and rail transport to pay their way.

ORDINARY folk handing over their money at the railway booking office and to the bus conductor are tired of all the wrangling.

Unfortunately they have only a part of the remedy in their own hands. They can show resentment at higher fares by not travelling for pleasure. Holiday journeys and short jaunts can, with some hardship, be cut down.

But people who have to travel to work every day by some form of public transport cannot escape the rises in season-ticket rates, workmen's and shift-workers' fares and early morning tickets. Because of the way Britain's homes, factories and offices are distributed, that means most of us.

And those living in remote suburbs, who settled in their houses on the assumption that transport would cost only a reasonable proportion of their incomes, are cruelly caught.

Mr. Clement Davies, M.P., pointed out some facts of life in the recent House of Commons debate on fares: "When the railways were first started about 110 years ago, goods had to be brought to them and taken away by horse and cart. Stops had to be made by the railways every two or three miles, at most. We have continued that system to this day.

"Anybody," he went on, "can send goods to little stations in small quantities and in large trucks, and much expense is entailed in shunting and moving the trucks until at last they arrive at the little station. If the goods were loaded into a lorry at a main station it would not matter very much whether they had to be taken ten yards or ten miles."

TRANSPORT today is in a first-class muddle, because no one will adopt a bold, modern policy. Consider these figures: An express train can carry a passenger over a long distance for a third of a penny a mile. A coach, over the same distance, costs a halfpenny a mile. Yet the railways charge more!

A sensible answer must be found, not only to such stupid anomalies but to the whole problem.

The public is fed-up with piecemeal measures and feels it has a right to demand that any breathing-space is used to work out a practical policy for the future—even if traditional ideas of public transport have to be radically recast.

IT may be, for instance, that the railways should concentrate on taking passengers and goods long distances quickly; and that motor coaches and lorries should specialize in smaller loads for shorter routes.

What we don't want is to see the Great Transport Muddle of *1953* (and *1954?*) met by the all-too-familiar "solution" of higher fares and emptier pockets.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

OUR throne changes. Now we have soldiers of the *Queen*, the Navy's ships are *Her* Majesty's. "And what name could stir our sailors better than Elizabeth?" asks William Showell. The old salt in his painting sails a lowly seaside cutter, but he, too, feels the need for a change. So it's goodbye to the *Skylark* and all aboard *Queen Elizabeth The Second* from now on. And the children, watching him, seem to approve.

New **TROUBLE-FREE** *home perm has instant nation-wide success*

NO NEUTRALIZER NEEDED – *that's the secret.*

Prom perms perfectly in one easy operation

Just wet your hair with Prom. Curl it up. Water rinse after 30 minutes, and leave it to dry naturally on the curlers. Overnight if you prefer. *No neutralizer needed* for this glorious, fail-proof perm. *Your hair will look and behave like naturally wavy hair.* Yours to revel in.

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Nothing like the **Presto** *to keep down fuel bills*

In the Presto you cook meals four times faster than by ordinary methods. So, of course, your fuel costs are reduced. Cooked in a Presto, meat is specially juicy and tender, greens and potatoes are done to a "T", with natural goodness and vitamins retained. The Presto is easy to use. No worry or guesswork. The special Presto indicator weight shows correct pressure at a glance. Ask about the Presto at your local shop. Popular model 77/6. Large 105/-. Separator sets 7/6 and 8/6.

Presto Pressure Cookers bear the Guaranteed Seal of the British Standards Institution and the British Pressure Cookers Manufacturers Association.

ONLY THE PRESTO

has this one-piece automatic pressure device. Watch the silver bands appear: 1 band for fruit bottling; 2 bands for vegetable bottling; 3 bands showing for day-to-day cooking.

Presto PRESSURE COOKER *saves ¾ cooking time*

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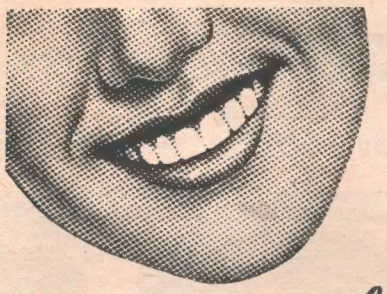

Its unusual flavour
shows that
Euthymol
is a
remarkable
toothpaste!

It's the selected ingredients that make Euthymol Toothpaste *different*. It is scientifically prepared to help keep your teeth, mouth and gums *clean, fresh* and *healthy*. And the unusual flavour tells you it's doing its job.

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Standard Size 1/9 ★ DOUBLE Size 2/9

YOURS FOR 35/- WITH ORDER
(Fully Patented)
BALANCE IN 10 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF 22/-

Cash Price £11:12:6
GUARANTEE Money back if not satisfied within 7 days

You *can't* better the luxurious comfort or the astounding value of the *Berkeley* Superlax (SC8)—it is today's greatest upholstery achievement! Only this famous Easy Chair combines the shoulder-fitting 'roll-form' back with the Superlax automatic action that lets you change from upright to lounging position without leaving the chair. The upholstery is deep, super-soft, lastingly comfortable. The Coverings—which you can choose to match your room—are both handsome and durable. **Send Coupon now for colourful FREE Catalogue and patterns of Coverings.**

The 1952 Berkeley REGD. SUPERLAX WITH EXCLUSIVE ADJUSTABLE BACK AND SEAT
Cash Price for complete 3-piece Suite £39 : 18 : 6
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COUPON *Please send me your Catalogue of* Berkeley *Upholstery together with range of Coverings.*
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FREE SPEECH

Don't put haloes on our nurses

SURELY IT IS TIME we stopped putting haloes round the heads of our nurses. Once their duty is finished, they are very much the same as their sisters in offices, factories and shops.

I have just had a long spell in hospital and am deeply grateful for the wonderful treatment I received. I noticed that, coming on duty at five in the morning, waking us with cups of tea, the nurses had one topic of conversation: what they had done the previous night, the dances they had been to, the boys they had met or quarrelled with. When the night staff came on, it began all over again. After two or three weeks, we knew their entire love life. They were out for as good a time as possible, and were all looking for husbands. Having no false modesty, they said so.—MRS. R. M., York.

The Universal Language

HOLIDAYMAKERS who are going abroad this year and are not very conversant with the languages would find it a great help to take a sketch pad. Sketching simple objects does not entail any great effort and is a good substitute for

speech. I have tried it myself, and have convincingly proved that art is a universal language.—A. W. ROOTS, 10 Camrose Street, London, S.E.2.

World's Smartest Women

MY CHILDHOOD WAS SPENT in Greece, and I have lived in several other Continental countries, but nowhere have I met housewives who are as smart as those in Britain. It is marvellous how British women manage to look after their homes, working all the morning, and then appear in the afternoon, smartly dressed and pushing prams with the loveliest babies in them.—MRS. AIDA HALL, Phaleron, 64 Errwood Road, Manchester.

Anna Saved The Day

DENNIS HOLMAN'S ARTICLE on Anna Neagle and Herbert Wilcox (JOHN BULL, June 14) recalled to me an incident which shows the great kindness of this talented couple. I celebrated my release from the Royal Marines by giving a party for 100 children at a large orphanage. An American film star had promised to attend, but cancelled the appointment on the eve of the party. I knew that Anna and Herbert were making a personal appearance in a neighbouring town, and went to see them at their hotel. Anna's immediate reaction was, "We cannot let the kiddies be disappointed," and she telephoned to cancel one appointment and arranged to be late for another. She arrived at the party dead on time and made it a red-letter day for all of us, signing shiny new autograph books and grubby pieces of paper until the bitter end. Three months later, out of the blue, a Christmas tree arrived at the orphanage with her compliments.—MICHAEL MATSON, 66 Hemberton Road, London, S.W.9.

Behind-the-Counter View

POST OFFICE CLERKS are not the lazy, insolent nincompoops that many people imagine. I am one of them, and often our day is only half finished when others are on the way home. We can understand people's annoyance when they stand in a queue, only to be told to go to another position just as their turn comes. But we are just like everyone else—we have to eat sometimes.—MRS. N. O. B., Lancashire.

Her Motor Cycling Joys

ALTHOUGH I am fifty years of age, my most precious possession is my motor cycle, on which I have had some delightful holidays. Two years ago, I toured Devon and Cornwall, where the scenery had to be seen to be believed. Sometimes I encountered roads that were all twists and bends, until I felt almost dizzy with the turns. Then would come steep descents, where brakes had to be used the whole way. I remember, especially, Land's End, where I had a drink at "the last pub in England," and sat on the rocks, with the feeling that I was right at the end of the country.—MRS. VIOLET ARMSTRONG, 172 Melbourne Road, Apsley, Nottingham.

Mrs. Armstrong and her most precious possession

Eve's Fingerprints

YOUR CORRESPONDENT'S LETTER about the association of the passion flower with the Crucifixion ("Free Speech," May 24) stirred memories of my girlhood spent at St. Vincent, in the West Indies, where these flowers grow in profusion. West Indians believe that the dark cruciform marking on the backs of donkeys is a heritage from the day when a donkey carried Christ into Jerusalem. And the three brown marks on the top of a grapefruit are credited with being the imprint of Eve's fingers, made when she tempted Adam with that fruit and not the proverbial apple.—MRS. K. M. GRIFFITHS, 11 Fant Lane Estate, Maidstone, Kent.

Schoolgirl's Lament

I AM A SCHOOLGIRL with only one ambition—to get married. Yet I seldom get a chance to go out and meet people because so much of my free time is taken up with endless homework. It would be better for girls who are not set on a serious career to have less studying to do, so that they have more time to learn housework, cooking and other practical tasks. Listening to educational programmes on the radio or attending historical films would be of more use than eternally swotting.—MISS SHEALA LAYTON, Thurlea, 59 Walpole Road, Great Yarmouth.

Caravan Menace

AS A LONG-DISTANCE coach driver, I think that one way to make the roads safer would be to compel all drivers of cars towing caravans to have offside driving mirrors on extended brackets on their cars, and trafficators on the caravan. I have encountered hundreds of caravans on tow and they are nearly half as wide again as the car to which they are attached. The driver of a following vehicle cannot see any signals given by the car driver, who in turn cannot see anything trying to overtake him. Time and again, I have had to follow a swaying caravan for a long distance; and have often been nearly forced into the ditch when trying to pass.—A. W. THOMPSON, 44 Fern Dene Road, Gateshead, Durham.

Pocket Money Solution

OUR EXPERIENCE may, perhaps, answer your correspondent who asked ("Free Speech," June 14) how much pocket money should be kept out of their wages by teenagers who have just started work and live at home. When our elder son started work, we decided that one-third of his wages was a fair amount for him to keep, to pay for his entertainments, tennis, riding school, weekend camping or hiking and to save for his holiday. I pay his fares to work and for his canteen lunches out of the two-thirds that he gives me. Then he knows how much to expect, even if he works under a bonus system and his earnings vary.—MRS. MARGARET BROWNLESS, 4 Wakefield Avenue, Cleadon, South Shields.

Problem Dogs

DURING MY WEEK'S WORK, I meet many kinds of dogs. The kind that has me beaten greets me like a long-lost friend when I arrive, skipping round me in ecstasy; then, on the slightest indication that I am about to leave, he turns into a snarling menace and must be chained in case he devours me.—H. FRYERS, 17 Kent Avenue, Silsden, Keighley, Yorks.

Making Our Own World

FURNITURE REMOVING is my trade and I am often asked by people who are moving what kind of neighbours they are likely to meet in the district to which they are going. I answer by asking what sort of people they live with now. If they say that they find their neighbours friendly, kind and hospitable, I tell them they will find friendly people where they are going. If they complain that they have experienced awkwardness and unkindness, I warn them not to expect too much in their new surroundings. Usually it is one's own attitude, not other people or a different place, which determines what sort of world we live in.—G. H. INGLES, 72 Sandringham Avenue, Leicester.

Milkman's Friend

VISITS OF THE MILKMAN are so frequent and taken so much for granted that I wonder how many people try, as I do, to make his task a little easier. Having noticed how many empty

bottles he can carry away by fitting his fingers into them, I make a practice of putting them out in such a position on the step that he can pick them up in his peculiar way, without having to waste time sorting them together or picking one from this corner and one from that.—HOUSEWIFE, Herts.

The Good New Days

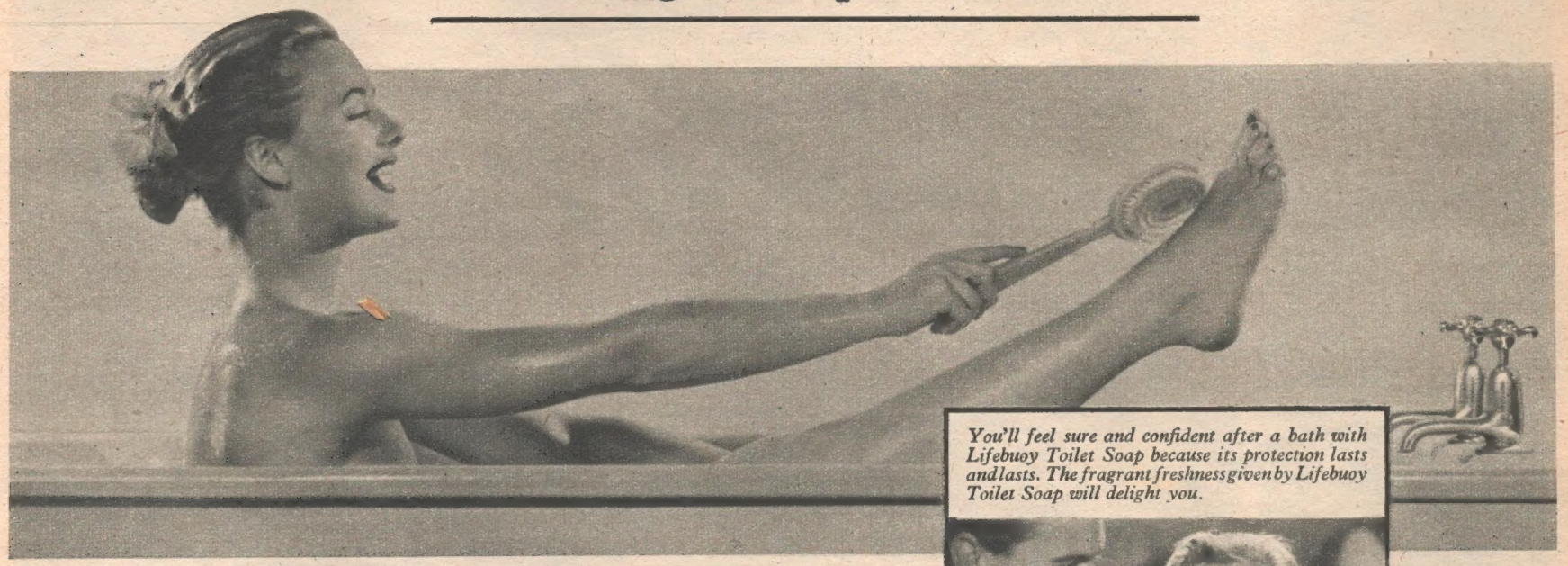
BACK COMES THE ERA of "the customer is always right!" During the past two weeks, in reply to two genuine complaints, sent more in sorrow than in anger, I have had replaced a pair of nylon stockings (six runs the first time on) and a carpet bought twelve months ago and already threadbare.—J. M., Salford, Lancs.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

THIRSTY ? *Take the necessary Schweppes*

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP protects you longer —really stops B.O. (body odour)



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Lifebuoy Toilet Soap's new, purifying ingredient brings you lasting freshness — its invigorating lather gets rid of stale perspiration (B.O.) where it starts. And millions of discriminating Lifebuoy Toilet Soap users love its new perfume, too — they find its fragrance so exhilarating. Try the big new Bath Size tonight.

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Not only your smile but your dental health is affected by the trimming of your toothbrush. That's why every Halex — nylon or bristle — is "*Rondated*", with the tips specially smoothed and rounded to be kinder to gums, better for the teeth.

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the pure oils in BRYLCREEM are emulsified to prevent excessive oiliness

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with massage BRYLCREEM ensures a clean scalp, free from dandruff

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BRYLCREEM contains no gum, no soap, no spirit, no starch

BRYLCREEM YOUR HAIR

Brylcreem, the perfect hair-dressing, comes in tubs 1/8, 2/6 and 4/6, or handy tubes 2/6.

royds 103/86

Conant told Mabel how much he was giving her. "If you wish to show me gratitude," he added, "help me to remain alive for another five years"

I'll give you a million

by ***ROBERT STANDISH***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

John Conant summoned his heirs. He had wonderful news. He was going to make them rich—and cheat his enemy, the tax collector, of a fortune

FROM AN UPPER WINDOW of his Elizabethan manor house, set in a fold of the rolling Sussex Downs, John Conant surveyed the world of 1945 through jaundiced eyes. He was bored and out of tune with contemporary life. He had reached manhood before the turn of the century. During his formative years, therefore, he had been under the influence of Victorian individualism; brought up to regard poverty as a crime, he still did so. Misfortune was a synonym for laziness, incompetence and general shiftlessness, so the concept of the Welfare State offended him.

Blessed with strong teeth and claws, John Conant had used them to good effect. He was a very rich man, but his wealth had not brought him happiness, for, even when it was not so, he was apt to regard the friendly advances of his fellow men as venal attempts to part him from his money. He had, therefore, few friends. The human being for whom he had the most affection was his granddaughter, Mabel, but even this affection was soured by the belief, amounting almost to a certainty, that Bill Simmons, her husband, had married her largely because she would be a great heiress.

The time had come—indeed, it had long passed—to make proper testamentary disposition of his wealth, but this task was distasteful in the knowledge that, under the existing scale of death duties, the State—that greedy, impersonal monument to bureaucratic incompetence—would take four-fifths of it. The thought appalled John Conant. Somehow, he was determined, he would circumvent the tax gatherer. All through his business life he had planned shrewdly. Now, more than ever, he was going to need his shrewdness.

After weeks of doubt and indecision, John Conant sent for his lawyer, Charles Merryweather. He had reached his decision and it now remained to put it into effect.

"Merryweather," said John Conant, a few seconds after the butler had ushered the lawyer into the study at Palefield Manor, "I want to know how much would be paid away in death duties if I were to die today."

The lawyer paused before replying. After

Continued on page 23

Godfrey Baseley and Tony Shryane (right) check a point in an "Archer" script

Three of the Archers—Dan, Christine and Doris—at home.

Farming with the Archers down in Studio Two

by JOHN MAY

Some call it soap opera; others say it's plain bunk. But what comes out of the "Archer factory" has turned into one of radio's most sensational successes, with 8,000,000 tuning-in to it every night

ONE AFTERNOON FOUR YEARS ago, a Lincolnshire man at a conference of farmers at the B.B.C. in Birmingham was fidgeting impatiently in his chair. Suddenly he jumped to his feet. "This is all very well," he said, "but what we want is a farming Dick Barton."

Everybody laughed, and the meeting broke up. But that evening Godfrey Baseley, the producer of Midland farming programmes, found that he could not forget what the Lincoln man had said. "I began to think that perhaps a farming serial was not such a daft idea after all." Next morning he telephoned the farmer and went to see him.

One result was that recently, as the dance floor cleared after a waltz at a National Farmers Union ball, a well-known stockbreeder buttonholed a burly man in evening dress and said: "Dan, come and have a drink. I've got a beautiful bunch of young heifers coming on—just what you want for Brookfield Farm."

Harry Oakes, who plays the part of Dan Archer, the farmer, in the nightly Light Programme radio serial, *The Archers*, stopped and grinned. "Where should I keep 'em?" he asked. "In a B.B.C. studio?" The stockbreeder gazed at him in astonishment. "You can't tell me you don't farm!" he said. He was not the first to mistake the Archer family for actual living people. Thousands of listeners do the same.

A typical instance was when John Franklyn, a blond-bearded actor who plays a dashing and mysterious Irish character, made a remark in his Irish brogue to his wife in a bus queue. A woman waiting in front of them turned and said: "You're Mike Daly in *The Archers*, aren't you? Oh, I *am* pleased to meet you. They all said you were fiction, but I *knew* you must be real!"

Scraps-of-Paper Start

The Lincolnshire farmer's idea had fallen on fertile soil. It had blossomed into the five-days-a-week farming play for which eight million radio sets are now switched on nightly. But it was only one of many notions sprouting in Godfrey Baseley's lively mind at the time, and it needed time to grow.

It first took shape as a collection of scribbled notes on dusty scraps of paper which Baseley's tidy secretary several times tried to throw away. Gradually he created an imaginary farming family. "Every character had to have a reason and a purpose."

The test came in 1950, when his B.B.C. superiors offered him five days at Whitsun for a try-out. At comparatively short notice, he was faced with the biggest question of all: who could write a farming serial?

Twelve years before, Baseley had been approached by a stocky, hazel-eyed young man employed at the Bournville cocoa offices, who had some lyrics he thought would interest the B.B.C. His name was Edward J. Mason, and he did spare-time entertaining at local social functions. Soon he started to write for radio and has since written dozens of revues, children's shows, plays, and stories. When the B.B.C. thought up Dick Barton, he was one of three authors asked to write specimen episodes. Another was six-foot-four Geoffrey Webb, a one-time reporter on a Gloucestershire newspaper, who had turned radio writer during the war.

Baseley decided to take the idea of a farming serial to Mason. "If this comes to anything—and it will—it's going to be too big a job for one," said Mason. "Let's ring up Geoff." Together, Webb and Mason thought up the name, The Archers, began to sketch the first dramatic situations, and sorted out the tremendous weight of farming information Baseley had unloaded on them. He, meantime, assembled a cast so suitable that it has hardly varied from that day to this. Producer Tony Shryane (who, though he was only thirty, had already helped to put Paul Temple

The location of Brookfield Farm is kept secret

and Dick Barton on the air) moulded the gang into a family, and the family into astonishingly good radio. "Even in that first trial week," Godfrey Baseley recalls, "the listening figures climbed steadily higher every day."

After much discussion, the Light Programme gave *The Archers* a placing in the morning, starting on January 1, 1951. The decisive Dick Barton coincidence came when they were moved into the "Barton spot" at 6.45 p.m. But the heaviest task was when the Archers' Saturday "omnibus edition" went on the air against the Home's *In Town Tonight*. The Light listening figures, even for this tough hour, doubled, trebled, quadrupled. . . .

The "Archer factory" where Baseley and Shryane now work is a tiny office in a brown brick building across the road from Birmingham's B.B.C. It is jammed with five desks and one spare chair. Three secretaries ("We're the biggest Archer fans in the country") keep a continuity book, a dossier on every character, remind Webb and Mason when any cow at Brookfield Farm is due to calve, and check all facts. Some months back, Dan Archer nearly appeared on the air in pyjamas. "Then one of us remembered he is a nightshirt man," says one of the girls. "We checked with his card index—and whipped off his pyjamas just in time!"

Three Peaks Every Night

Webb and Mason work alternate months at clothing with dialogue and incident the bare line which is worked out at high-level B.B.C. conferences every quarter. Webb's approach is: "Twenty curtains, the most exciting on the fifth, tenth and fifteenth episodes to carry listeners over the weekends—and at least three dramatic peaks to each programme." Mason works flat on his back, staring at his study ceiling, letting the story grow in his mind. The rudest criticism he ever received came from a listener who wrote: "Your Archers are bunk; if you want to know what a real family is like, listen to the Caldicotts." Mason did not mind. He also writes the Caldicotts.

Mrs. Webb in London and Mrs. Mason in Birmingham become radio widows when Godfrey Baseley takes his writers on "background research" tours of farms. Once when Tony Shryane urgently wanted to get in touch with Baseley, he had to persuade a farmer's wife by telephone to send a man out on a tractor to find him. After two hours' fruitless searching over 900 acres, the driver returned. The farmer's wife became anxious. Then the missing men walked in smothered in mud. "We were in a six-foot ditch," the farmer said, "looking at outlets of tile drains."

As unlike the popular conception of a languid B.B.C. type as a man could be, Baseley is the bustling son of a Worcestershire butcher, with four centuries of farming in his blood and a strong taste for Shakespeare. Through the improbable medium of his "soap opera" farm serial, and other radio features, he has won not only the attention of children, housewives and even farmers, but also the respect of the Ministries of Food and Agriculture and such bodies as the Milk Marketing Board and the Royal Veterinary College.

Unwittingly, young Godfrey's parents gave him an upbringing that was a made-to-measure preparation for such a job. At a Quaker co-educational school in Oxfordshire he and other pupils took their shoes in a potato sack to the village cobbler for repair, and had their hair cut by a farmer whose clothes smelt aromatically of the calves' pen. Between driving delivery vans and herding cattle, Godfrey took over the running of the village Shakespeare society. Some of his rustic players could not read, and he taught them *Twelfth Night* parrot-fashion, acting each part himself over and over again.

Shortly afterwards, offered a B.B.C. audition, he determined to repeat his rehearsal performance. "I did the whole of the drinking scene, all five parts—including Maria and the clown." Regular B.B.C. work followed, but it ended abruptly when war came. Meantime, Godfrey had married a farmer's daughter from Herefordshire. "For a while we knew what it was like to be nearly on the rocks," he says. Then he was sent touring country districts to talk about ration books and gas masks. At Walsall, not used to working without a script, he dried up in three minutes. It was the first and last time Baseley was lost for words.

Listeners Miss Nothing

He edits *The Archers* with tremendous care. He has even banned an effects record of cows mooing because his countryman's ear told him they were hungry. He knows that the listening public misses nothing. One day, Simon, the farmhand, ploughed a crooked furrow "watching a sparrowhawk hovering." Townsmen birdwatchers immediately showered in letters saying that kestrels hover, sparrowhawks never. "I blocked that gap in the Archer hedge," says Baseley, "by giving a watching brief to two experts on birds."

The final touch of topicality and realism was given to *The Archers* when the B.B.C. was trying to persuade Captain Carlsen of *Flying Enterprise* to broadcast. A Light Programme high-up said: "I wonder the Archers didn't say something about Carlsen." Baseley took the hint and, by slick organization, he and Mason had the Archer family talking on Budget Day about the new taxes less than an hour after details were broadcast.

Realism has its snags. Baseley has been plagued by one man who wants to buy the foal "sired" on Brookfield by a named actual stallion which is still at stud. Walter Gabriel received repeated letters from a dealer in scrap, offering high prices for the old iron he was sure would be found on Walter's farm. And at an actual garden fête, Simon (played by Eddie Robinson) was sought out by a farmer's wife. "We're sorry that Dan Archer has been rubbing you the wrong way lately, Simon," she said. "If he ever sacks you, my husband says he'll be pleased to take you on, so here's our address. Keep it by you."

Of the whole cast, Leslie Bowmar (the wealthy farmer, Mr. Fairbrother) is the only real-life ploughman. Mrs. Doris Archer (Gwen Berryman, who keeps a baby linen shop in Wolverhampton) makes real pork pies when she has one of her own pigs killed. Dan Archer's real-life relaxation is angling. Their "daughter" Christine (Pamela Mant) has worked in real life both in a riding school and on a farm looking after pigs. She lives in a horse-drawn caravan at Tewkesbury. Going home at dusk one day, she was stopped by a rather disreputable-looking man. "You've got that caravan *and* the B.B.C. Give me something good for the Derby, miss. I reckon you know what's doing."

Most Voices Are Natural

Christine's riding school partner, Grace Fairbrother (Ysanne Churchman) is in real life a film and television actress. Most of the Archer voices are natural. John Franklyn, as Mike Daly, is, however, not Irish, though he has an Irish wife. And Pauline Seville, who plays Mrs. Perkins, says: "I can't do the voice without pulling a Mrs. Perkins face."

Robert Mawdesley of the smooth, cultured voice (he is a Cambridge M.A. and an ex-R.A.F. squadron leader) denies that he "gargles with gravel" to achieve the grating tones of Walter Gabriel. But the comic Walter has become so popular that Mawdesley now tries to remain incognito when shopping in his local town.

The clamour for the whole Archer family to appear in public in the flesh grows steadily. The 100-acre farm on which their story is based actually exists, but its whereabouts is kept secret. Photographs of the Archers "at work" have been taken there, but the official dictum on films and television is that "the difficulties of having the players act farm life as convincingly as they talk it are as yet too great."

Meantime, Studio Two, where Dan and Doris Archer and their family do their farming, is booked for at least six months ahead. "Call it 'soap opera' as the Americans do, or the modern counterpart of the folk tale, whichever you prefer," says Godfrey Baseley. "The truth is that we give a simple picture of rural England, and people seem to like it." THE END

Brookfield Farm: Robert Mawdesley, who plays Walter Gabriel, leads Boxer through the mud

A NOSE FOR EVIL

by JOHN LUKENS

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD MORTLEMANS

No one, it seemed, could help them—least of all a monk. But Brother Matthew was no ordinary monk

BROTHER MATTHEW LOOKED OUT at the fresh spring countryside and found it good. He listened to the powerful rhythm of the wheels under him and found it stimulating. He looked at the young couple in the opposite corner of the compartment, and his nose twitched.

Brother Matthew sighed. His heavy, calloused hands moved on his dark habit as though in resignation and he looked quickly out of the window again. For it was little more than a month since the abbot had murmured dryly, with an air of long-suffering patience: "It is strange, Brother Matthew, that you possess quite an infallible nose for evil."

It was strange. Yet Brother Matthew's was a nose that deserved a reputation. It was large and slightly out of true and flattened; and its peculiar property of divination had rapidly become common knowledge among the small Anglican community at Locking Abbey. The fact was that Brother Matthew *could* smell out evil.

The train raced on towards London and Brother Matthew forced himself to concentrate on the passing countryside. He tried counting the infinite shades of green that spring had brought to the fields and trees. He tried counting telegraph posts. But it was no good. It was as though some compelling force that felt like an invisible magnet held to his nose drew his head round until he was looking again at the young couple in the opposite corner.

The boy, who was about seventeen, was speaking in a low voice, but with a barely suppressed vehemence that carried odd words to Brother Matthew above the rhythmic click and clatter of the wheels.

". . . Station . . . I can't . . . bound to see . . . they'd guess. . . ."

The girl, who was a few years older, put a hand quickly on his arm. The gesture conveyed the same sense of desperation as the boy's words. Her face was flushed and she spoke with the same urgency, but as though imploring something. Brother Matthew heard only the one brief sentence.

"You've got to."

The boy's face was white. They stared almost fiercely at each other, oblivious in that moment of anyone else. The likeness between them was striking, but where it was a strong face on the girl, it was not on the boy. Then, at the same instant, they both seemed to remember they were not alone and glanced hurriedly at the other corner.

But Brother Matthew's head was sunk on his chest and his eyes were closed. His vast bulk swayed gently with the motion of the train and there was a faint, reassuring smile on his mouth, as though he not only slept, but dreamed.

Poor children, he thought, poor frightened children.

The fields gave way to streets, to rows of houses, to factories and sidings and gasholders and advertisements, to all the mass of man's contriving sprawled under a haze of grime and smoke that was London. The train slid into the grey cavern of Waterloo Station, rolled smoothly to a halt and let off steam.

Brother Matthew opened his eyes with an appearance of surprise. Then he smiled at the other two and stood up. The girl was already standing, but the boy had not moved. Brother Matthew pushed back the narrow compartment door, looked down at his girth, and said cheerfully:

"Well, I came in this way, so it must be possible. . . ."

Neither the boy nor the girl took any notice of him. Turning sideways and drawing in his breath, Brother Matthew emerged from the compartment with something of the suddenness of a large cork from a small bottle.

The train was emptying rapidly, the platform thronged with people hurrying towards the barrier, as he made a crab-like progress along the corridor to the nearest door. He gripped the catch, but it would not move. He opened the window and tried from the outside, but the door remained firm. He grunted and turned back down the now deserted corridor towards the door at the other end. The girl's voice came to him before he had reached the compartment again. It was no longer imploring, but desperate.

"Derek, we've got to get out now—before the crowd's gone. It's the one chance."

"But they'll be at the barrier. And if they guess I've told you anything—no, I can't do it. You don't know them—don't know what they can do!" The boy's words were blurted out almost hysterically, in a voice ragged with fear.

FOR a moment Brother Matthew hesitated. But again the abbot's cryptic remark came back to him. His mouth tightened sadly and he went on past the compartment.

The other door was open. He stepped down and began to walk slowly along the platform. He told himself that there was no need to hurry; he had half an hour before the connection to Locking. But as soon as he saw the two young people passing him along the platform, he increased his pace. The girl had taken the boy's arm, and in the way they moved together he sensed the tightness of her fingers on the other's sleeve, the fear that was in both of them now.

The crowd narrowed into the bottleneck of the barrier, streaming out again past the two ticket collectors and the people standing on each side of the gates. Moving close behind the boy and girl, Brother Matthew was aware of the almost unbearable tension that gripped them as they went through.

He saw them hesitate for a second, then, as though not daring to look round, make straight for the nearest exit.

At the same moment Brother Matthew felt something come up behind him, and three figures brushed past with the swiftness of combined purpose. He saw them split up again, slide past on each side of the hurrying couple, then turn as one.

Brother Matthew stopped dead. A prickling sensation, like a small electric shock, shot through him, and his nose twitched so violently that instinctively he put a hand to it. The trio was looking silently at the boy and the girl, and in that moment the three faces were as one, with the same pallid skin, the same vicious mouth, the same blankness of evil in their eyes.

Brother Matthew saw the boy jerk his head and glance at the girl. She seemed uncertain, then gave a slight nod. The boy and two of the youths turned and walked away. The third stayed with the girl.

For the last time Brother Matthew hesitated. The resolve that had been slowly taking shape in his mind made him sigh very faintly. Then he dismissed all thought of the train connection to Locking from his mind.

Over the heads of the milling people he saw the boy and his two companions disappear down the steps to the men's cloakroom. They had

The trio swung round abruptly and looked at

the boy and the girl in silence. Brother Matthew saw the same blankness of evil in their eyes

gone there to talk without fear of being overheard, he thought. The third youth had been left with the girl. Was she a hostage for the boy's good behaviour?

Brother Matthew knew what he had to do, but had not the least idea how it was to be done. He looked at the stiff figure of the girl, at the sartorial arrogance of the youth beside her, and asked for something in the nature of a small miracle.

"Platform 12—or do you want to miss it?"

He swung round like a released top, took one look at the very ancient face with the impudent grin and the very young eyes, and seized its owner's nationalised sleeve.

"Benny!" he exclaimed delightedly. "And I do want to miss it!"

The little porter, who knew even more about his old friend than did the Abbot of Locking, muttered: "Thought so."

"Listen," said Brother Matthew, and began to speak urgently.

The very ancient face underwent several changes. In rapid succession it registered dismay, mistrust of another's sanity, gloom, then resignation. Finally its owner grunted:

"All right. In a couple of minutes' time. But I wouldn't do it for no one else, see."

He turned and was gone, bobbing his way through the crowd like an agile sparrow.

The girl and the youth had not moved. Brother Matthew waited for a full two minutes, then strode forward and beamed at the girl.

"How very providential: I thought I recognized you. I was hoping to catch you up, but there seemed to be so many narrow doorways to get through I thought I never would!"

He chuckled hugely at his own joke, a deep, reverberating sound that seemed to start in his belly and rumble upwards. It was met by a blank silence. He saw the sudden irritation that flared above the fear in the girl's eyes, the suspicion of the youth that gave way to an expression at once baffled and wary.

Brother Matthew looked apologetic suddenly, as though noticing the youth's face for the first time. "Forgive me—I see you're not still with your brother."

The girl started. Her companion stiffened and the eyes that looked unwinkingly at Brother Matthew were like hard, polished stones.

"Mind your backs, please! Mind your backs!"

The clattering and rumbling was almost on them. The youth stepped quickly to one side; Brother Matthew seized the girl's arm and pulled her with equal haste in the opposite direction; and into the vacated space, driven by a little porter with a very ancient face, trundled a motor trolley with its long caterpillar of luggage winding after.

"Turn your back," Brother Matthew said in the girl's ear. "Don't look as though we're talking. He can see over the luggage, but he can't hear. Now—will you trust me?"

The trolley stopped suddenly. At once the youth moved to go round it. As suddenly the trolley started again.

"Mind your back, chum!" the little porter sang out happily.

Baffled, the youth fell back, and stood there with a look of fury in his eyes as the long caterpillar of luggage began to roll past him, so slowly that it hardly seemed to be moving.

The girl's mouth trembled. "But I—I don't know who you are——"

"Exactly what you can see," said Brother Matthew. "Listen—we've only a few seconds. I heard a little in the train. I saw your brother go with the other two. I know their breed. I know he's in trouble, and you're afraid for him. But I can help him——"

"You can't," the girl exclaimed bitterly. "You can't. Nobody can."

"I can," said Brother Matthew, and the words were without arrogance, spoken in simple faith. For an instant their quality of conviction raised a flicker of hope in the girl's eyes, then it died. "But I must know more. Can you meet me later? Is there time? What is going to happen? You must tell me—trust me."

Brother Matthew saw everything in her expression—the longing to trust him, the fear that held her back, and the certainty that he could do nothing; the stubbornness of loyalty to her brother and the courage that was prepared to fight for him alone. She stood there white-faced and silent, torn by indecision, and his heart went out to her.

"Meet me at Victoria Station, under the clock, in one hour's time," he said swiftly. "I will help you."

She started to say something, then stopped. The last truck went by and the youth was beside them again. He looked swiftly at the girl, then at Brother Matthew, who said: "What a noise they make, don't they? But now we can hear ourselves speak."

He said goodbye a few moments later.

The station clock at Victoria showed twenty-five minutes past seven. There were still a few minutes to go. Brother Matthew looked over the heads of the people towards the main entrance. And again, as he had been doing for some time, he tried to put himself in the place of the girl. She had seen him for the first time at Waterloo Station just an hour ago. She knew absolutely nothing about him—so why should she trust him?

Brother Matthew's thoughts stopped abruptly. A smile that expressed both his heartfelt relief and greeting spread across his face, and he went forward to meet the girl who was hurrying through the crowd towards him. . . .

That night a full moon hung over London. It poured pale, mysterious light on the darkened city. It threw the shadow of St. Saviour's Church across the entrance to Warwick Avenue Underground, and the reflection of a curved row of Regency houses into the still waters of the Grand Union Canal. It revealed one strange and unusual thing, like a large, dark sack, against a tree on the less dignified side of the canal—and many strange but usual things up and down the purlieus of the nearby Harrow and Edgware roads.

Not far from the tree, a front door opened and shut softly and a boy hurried away from the house. The sack materialized instantly into the voluminous, dark-habited figure of a monk and padded after the boy, who hurried on down a side street, past a multitude of windows that offered Bed and Breakfast or Full Residence, and suddenly disappeared. Brother Matthew followed along the shadowed side of the street until he reached the spot. He found himself looking through a low, narrow archway into a cobbled mews.

The mews was a small cul-de-sac of lock-up garages with flats above them, and as he realized that he faced its only entrance, Brother Matthew caught sight of the group of figures standing by one of the garage doors. He slipped into the shadow of the archway.

A church clock chimed three times through the hollow stillness of the midsummer night. One of the figures detached itself from the small

Britain's star comedian's own complete story starts in John Bull next week

My life of fiddling and fooling

by TED RAY

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group and began to cross the mews towards the archway. For a moment the moonlight was full on his face and Brother Matthew saw that it was the boy. He offered a silent prayer of thanksgiving and stepped back on to the pavement.

The boy stopped in the shadows, glancing up and down the street. Suddenly, a hand shot out and clamped over his mouth; he was seized round the waist, swung off his feet and put down again on the pavement out of sight of the mews.

A deep voice rumbled in his ear. "Not a sound, Derek—not a sound! Do you promise?"

The boy was trembling, too frightened to do more than jerk his head.

Brother Matthew released him. "Now," he whispered, "we must talk quickly. They've left you on guard because they'll be several minutes, won't they?"

Again the boy jerked his head, his eyes enormous in the strained whiteness of his face, as he stared at the dark figure that loomed over him. "Who—who are you?" he gasped.

"Your friend. And Mary's."

The boy started. His expression changed and he muttered: "She sent you!"

"She trusted me," said Brother Matthew. "As you must." He gripped the boy's arm. "You need my help now as I need yours. Listen to me. Two months ago you fell in with bad company. You tried to brag to them. You boasted of the money left in your care at the garage when you were the only mechanic there. Three evenings later, when it was your duty on the pumps, your friends paid you a visit. They asked you where the money was kept. You refused to tell them. They threatened you, and you told them. They took the money and said nobody would recognize your face again if you mentioned their names or gave the least description of them. A fortnight later you left the garage and took a job in another one. You wanted to escape from what you'd done, but you couldn't. Often, on your way to and from work, you found one of them beside you, reminding you, perhaps saying nothing, just touching your face lightly with a finger. . . ."

The boy shuddered suddenly.

"And now," Brother Matthew went on relentlessly, "they want to make you one of them. But you aren't. You've been weak and foolish—as we all have—but no more. Then leave these false friends who despise you, fear what you know, seek only to increase their hold on you. Leave them and go home—now—this instant."

"I can't," the boy whispered desperately. He glanced over his shoulder, but there was no sound from the mews.

"Why can't you?"

Brother Matthew flung the words at him fiercely, but the boy did not flinch.

"Because — because it's done now," he muttered, and there was both bitterness and defiance in his voice. "I am one of them. I can't leave them."

"You'll never be one of them—because you're honest!"

The boy's mouth tightened, but he said nothing. There was a new firmness in his face that was not only defiance. And Brother Matthew, who was concerned only with the spirit, not the absurd logic, of youth, whispered urgently:

"Derek, loyalty is a fine thing—in whatever cause. But it is often mistaken. You owe these men nothing. You have a far greater loyalty—to your mother, and your sister."

IN the mews a door creaked faintly. Fear leaped into the boy's eyes. "They're coming out," he gasped. "You must go—quickly—go!"

"No," said Brother Matthew. "You've made your choice and I shall stay while you tell them you want no part of anything they've stolen, that you've finished with them for good."

The boy's mouth dropped open. "You can't mean it. Oh God, you can't mean it! You don't know them—don't know what they'd do!"

"I know them," Brother Matthew said sternly, "as you do not." His voice awed the boy into sudden stillness.

Hurried footsteps shuffled over the cobbles. Brother Matthew took the boy's arm and led him back through the archway until they stood in the mews with the moonlight full on their faces.

The four figures who were coming towards them, each carrying a suitcase, stopped dead.

"The monk from the station!" a voice hissed. "The boy's snitched!"

One of the four—a tall, powerfully built man whom Brother Matthew had not seen before—took a step forward. His face, like smooth, yellow wax in the moonlight, had a negroid thickness of feature, and his voice was soft and ugly.

"A monk," he whispered, "a great big flabby monk!" His small eyes flickered to the boy's face. "Who else?" he snarled.

The boy stared at him.

"No one else," Brother Matthew said quietly.

"So—" The tall man put down his suitcase: his hand moved swiftly, and as he straightened up, something flickered in the moonlight. He began to walk forward slowly. The other three put down their cases and moved with him.

"Derek," said Brother Matthew, "tell them."

"Derek," mimicked the tall man, "tell them." The viciousness spurted again in his voice. "Out of the way, you—go back where you belong!"

For a moment, as his fingers touched his habit, there was conflict on Brother Matthew's face. Then it was resolved. The tall man stopped a yard in front of them, the others a little behind him. His arrogance was like heat in Brother Matthew's nostrils.

"Derek," the tall man mimicked again, "won't you tell us?"

Still the boy was silent. The tall man rose almost imperceptibly on to the balls of his feet.

"Then fight," cried Brother Matthew, and his voice rocked through the terrified boy's ears like a trumpet blast. "Fight for your soul!"

The tall man leaped forward, and Brother Matthew did four things simultaneously. He murmured, "Lord, forgive me": his feet moved with a practised swiftness that the other recognized too late: his right arm shot out, deflecting the downward slash of the razor: and his left fist hit the tall man on the jaw with a force that lifted him almost bodily from the ground and sent him crashing back against his companions to fall in a crumpled heap on the cobbles.

There was a stunned silence. There was also a quite unholy light in Brother Matthew's eyes as he looked at the other three.

"Two for me," he murmured. "One for you."

SUDDENLY, like an answering spark of the same wild light, there was a gleam in the boy's eyes. The three youths, frightened not only by what had happened, but by the speed and skill with which it had happened, knew now that they were cornered. They hurled themselves forward.

The boy gasped as a glancing blow from a length of weighted hose struck his shoulder. He lashed out furiously and the first youth staggered back. Brother Matthew made a brief movement, and the second youth collapsed like a sack from a stopping punch to the side of his head. The third slipped behind the huge figure.

Brother Matthew turned swiftly, but his foot caught in his habit and he lost his balance. The third youth raised his cosh. Out of the corner of his eye, Brother Matthew saw the boy, who was stumbling to his feet, stiffen, then fling himself forward in a long flying tackle. The third youth went down with a sickening thud on the cobbles and lay still. The boy lay on top of him, panting.

Brother Matthew put out a hand and helped him to his feet. For a long moment, monk and boy stood there in silence and looked round the moonlit mews. Then Brother Matthew smiled.

"Two for you," he said. "One for me."

"I—I don't really know—what happened to the first," the boy gasped. "I hit out—the next minute he was down—and I fell over him!"

Brother Matthew put a hand on his shoulder. "But we both know what happened to the second one."

The other flushed slightly, but could not quite

Continued on page 35

MY SECRET MISSION FOR HITLER (4) by OTTO SKORZENY

We get Mussolini out by the skin of our teeth

Our glider swoop had taken me to the Duce's side—and without a shot fired. But whisking him away from his mountain jail meant packing into a tiny plane for the most daring take-off of our lives

THIS WAS THE CLIMAX TO MY hunt for Mussolini. Arrested by the Badoglio Government, the Duce was held prisoner in the massive Hotel del Gran Sasso, high up in the Abruzzi mountains. I had been ordered by Hitler to organize his rescue. Now, at the head of a glider-borne force of a hundred men, I had crash-landed on the mountainside — only twenty yards from the hotel. The rocks that had played havoc with our glider when we hit the ground had also acted as a brake and we had not rolled more than about twenty-five yards before coming to a stop.

At the corner of the hotel building, close to a slight bank, stood the first Italian sentry. Obviously stupefied, he did not seem to grasp the meaning of this sudden descent from the skies. I dashed towards the hotel, congratulating myself for having expressly ordered my men not to fire until I myself fired. The surprise was complete. I heard my men panting behind me. I knew I could rely on them.

Duce Was At The Window

We swept past the open-mouthed sentry, shouting *"Mani in Alto!"* (hands up) and reached the hotel. Passing through an open door, I saw a wireless set and an Italian soldier sending out messages. I kicked his chair from under him, and smashed his radio with the butt of my tommy gun. In a couple of strides we were at the end of the room, but could find no door leading into the rest of the hotel. We turned back, skirted the building at a run, rounded a corner, and faced a terrace about nine feet high. One of my corporals gave me a hoist; the other troopers followed me.

I glanced along the façade of the hotel. On the first floor, gazing out of the window, stood a man whom I recognized immediately. It was Mussolini. Seeing him, I knew our operation was to be crowned with success.

I shouted to him: "Get away from the window," and we made for the main entrance of the hotel. There we met Italian soldiers running out. Two machine guns had been set up in the entrance. We leaped at them and overturned them. Using the butt of my tommy gun I thrust my way through the mass of Italians while my men kept shouting: *"Mani in Alto!"* So far, no shot had been fired.

I reached the lobby of the hotel, alone. For the moment, I had no notion of what was happening behind me. On the right was a stairway, up which I leaped. Reaching the first

"I leaped upstairs and flung open a door. There was Mussolini. I made his Italian guards stand against the wall until one of my men joined us"

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

Emerging from his prison hotel, Mussolini tries hard to match the smiles of his liberators. On his right, his commando uniform already discarded, is Skorzeny

After some hesitation, Mussolini climbs into his rescue plane. He could probably see the dangers

floor, I ran down a long corridor and flung open a door. It was the right one!

The occupant of the room was Benito Mussolini, flanked by two Italian officers. I made the Italians stand against the wall. Meanwhile, one of my own officers had joined me. Taking in the situation at a glance, he forced the two astonished officers out of the room and closed the door behind him.

Thus the first phase of our operation had succeeded. The Duce was safe in our hands. Not more than three or four minutes had passed since we landed. At the window appeared the faces of two of my men. Unable to clear a way through the hotel lobby, they had scrambled up the lightning conductor. I stationed them in the corridor to cover us on that side.

Looking through the window, I saw the men from the glider which had landed next to mine coming up at the double. My adjutant, Lieutenant Radl, headed them. Their officer was crawling behind his men; he had broken a foot when his glider landed.

"Everything all right," I told them. "Clean things up down below."

Three more gliders landed. Then I saw another caught in a gust of wind; to my horror, it dived and crashed into bits.

Sixty-Second Surrender

A few shots cracked in the distance; they must have come from the outer ring of Italian guards. I ran into the corridor and shouted for the Italian officer in command of the hotel. The latter, a colonel, reported immediately. I explained to him that all resistance was futile, and I insisted on immediate surrender. The colonel requested a moment's reflection; I granted him sixty seconds. Then Lieutenant Radl, who had managed to fight his way through, joined me, but I knew that the Italians were still holding the main entrance because I was receiving no further reinforcements.

The Italian colonel returned, carrying a glass of red wine. Bowing briefly, he offered it to me. "To the victor!" he said.

A sheet hung from the window served as a white flag. I shouted a few further orders to my men below. Then, at last, I had a chance to turn towards Mussolini, who stood in a corner. I introduced myself: "Duce," I said, "the Führer has sent me. You are free." Mussolini embraced me. "I knew my friend Adolf Hitler would not abandon me," he replied.

We quickly settled the conditions of surrender. The Italian soldiers were ordered to deposit their arms in the dining-room; I allowed the officers to retain their revolvers. I found out that, besides the colonel in command of the post, we had captured a general.

In addition to the hotel, my men occupied the mountain station of the funicular. By telephone I learned that we had also captured the valley station intact, despite a brief fight. We had completed our timetable almost to the second, and the surprise was complete.

Now I had to think of the return journey. When I had prepared the operation with General Student, we had thought of three ways to bring Mussolini back to Rome. Plan A depended on a lightning attack on the Italian airfield of Aquila di Abruzzi, at the mouth of the valley. I would warn General Student by radio of the zero hour for this, and he would send three planes timed to land at the airfield a few minutes after we had captured it. I would take off with the Duce in the first plane. The other two would follow us as cover, and to confuse the pursuit.

Reunion of the world's two most hated men: Hitler greets the rescued Duce

Plan B was for a Fieseler-Storch light observation plane to land in one of the meadows near the valley station of the funicular. Finally, Plan C, our last possibility, called for Captain Gerlach, General Student's personal pilot, to try to land in a Storch on the high plateau.

Most Dangerous Way Out

My first step was to advise Rome of the success of our mission, using the transmitter brought by the troops in the valley. Then I worked out an exact schedule for the carrying out of Plan A. But when I tried to inform Rome of zero hour for our attack on the Aquila airfield, we were unable to establish contact. So Plan A fell through.

Using my field-glasses, I sighted the first Storch landing in the valley. Over the funicular telephone I ordered the pilot to get ready to start off again. But he replied that he had just damaged his landing gear and could not take off before he had made repairs. Now there remained only the most dangerous way out: Plan C. The disarmed Italian Carabinieri were proving extremely eager to give us help. Some, of their own accord, joined the detachment we had sent out to bring back the bodies of the men on the glider that had crashed. Through our field-glasses we had noticed that some of the men were still moving. Other Italians joined in, helping to clear a narrow landing-strip. We hurriedly removed the larger rocks while, overhead, Captain Gerlach in his Storch was manoeuvring in wide circles, awaiting the signal to land.

At length, with great skill, he came to rest on the strip we had prepared. He was anything but pleased to learn that I intended to fly with him. But when I added that there would be three of us—the Duce, he and I—he flatly refused. My plan, he insisted, was completely impossible.

I took him aside and argued earnestly. I had carefully considered the responsibility I was assuming by insisting on this small plane taking the additional weight of my own person. Yet

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Back-bencher who asks the awkward questions

by WILFRED GREATOREX

If he hadn't been an M.P., Norman Dodds thinks he might have become a great showman. His enemies say he combines both jobs

ONE AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY, 1951, when the Parliamentary stalemate was at its height and bad feeling was being engendered by frequent divisions, all-night sittings, party provocations and more than usually stringent discipline, Mr. Speaker called on Norman Dodds to put the first of the three questions he was asking Ministers that day.

M.P.s on both sides of the House of Commons smiled, some knowingly nudged their neighbours, and people in the public gallery craned forward to catch a glimpse of Dodds in his place on the second-row Government bench as he rose, in the words of the Order Paper, "to ask the President of the Board of Trade what action he proposes to take in respect of the report . . . that during the recent severe weather women's vests were being sold two inches short of the required length."

The then President, Harold Wilson, said in effect that he knew of no such falling-off in standards of Utility vests. Dodds, however, was quickly on his feet again with a carefully pre-conceived supplementary question. "Are you not aware," he asked, straight-faced, "that the vast majority of women have a vested interest in this problem?"

The pun, an intentional House-warmer which had nearly everybody laughing, touched off a humorous interchange; and in the twenty-four hours that followed, Dodds (not for the first time in his liberally-headlined career) was world news. As well as being reported verbatim in *Hansard* and less fully in *The Times*, his questions were covered by papers of every political persuasion in countries as far removed, by geography or conviction, as America and Jugoslavia, Australia and the Argentine, Spain and Switzerland, and most parts of the British Commonwealth.

Playing To The Gallery

They got such headlines as: A WOMAN'S UNDIES GET AIRED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, and LADIES' VESTS TOO VESTIGIAL, M.P. TELLS BRITISH OFFICIAL. This global attention was duly noted by Dodds's fellow-Members, some of whom, in the immediate afterglow, complimented him on his astuteness. Others said nothing. By friends no less than opponents, the former exhibitions organizer has been criticized for playing to the gallery for the greater part of his seven years in active politics. "They expect me to deny it," says Dodds in a blunt Tyneside accent. "But I don't. My only trouble is that I'm running short of ideas."

The Labour Member for Dartford, Kent, is an athletic, conscientious, thick-skinned hustler of forty-eight who has become the most publicised back-bencher in this or, some say, any other House of Commons. Since his election in 1945, he has asked more than 1,500 oral questions and many more on paper, sponsored a variety of noble and fantastic causes in about equal proportions, upheld the rights of individuals, and harried Ministers of both Labour and Tory Governments with such jack-in-the-box inquisitiveness that one Parliamentary veteran was moved to call him "the cavalier of Question Time."

Dodds makes full use of Question Time. In this hour, set aside at the start of each Parliamentary day for M.P.s to interrogate Ministers (it usually lasts from 2.30 to 3.30 p.m.) he advocates a selection of pet interests, citizens' grievances and bright ideas, sometimes with success, but often with no more to show for his trouble than an intangible reminder to his constituents that he is still functioning.

To Dodds, this is not the least advantage of keeping a tongue wagging at Westminster, and while his questions have covered nearly every subject known to man they mostly have a common denominator—news value. "Publicity," he says, "is the lifeblood of a back-bench M.P. You have to get in the papers, especially if

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Dodds arrives at the House. Nylons, wedding rings and beer have all earned him headlines

Famous as an election date tipster, Dodds concerns himself chiefly with bread-and-butter human problems. Here he plays with one of his young constituents, to whom he is godfather

Mrs. Fisher's genius is on the tip of her tongue

by DAVID CLAYTON

Wine experts scoffed when she broke into their world. It could not last, they said. But she was a woman with a palate of her own

Holding a bottle of Liqueur d'Or against the light, Mrs. Fisher looks for the real gold in "the drink with the twenty-two carat kick"

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

IT IS NEARLY HALF A CENTURY since Mrs. Mary Fisher, or Miss Meyer as she then was, astounded the wine and liqueur experts at her father's office by sipping a glass of wine, rolling it round her tongue, and then, in an expert if not exactly ladylike manner, spitting it out, with a sure aim, into the receptacle provided.

That was in the year 1909, when King Edward VII was on the throne, and city business men, especially in the wine and spirit trade, believed that a woman's place was in the home. The all-male staff of Maurice Meyer, which had been in the business of selling wine in the City of London since 1869, were as apprehensive as anyone when Miss Meyer joined the firm, although the boss himself was able to placate them by explaining that it was only a temporary arrangement while he was away sick.

But that period came and went, and Miss Meyer, who had a mind of her own, seemed to be staying on and on. Miss Meyer, the staff noticed, was quickly learning the intricacies of the trade, including tasting and blending.

"It became a tussle between the men trying to keep things from me, and me determined to find out all I could," says Mrs. Fisher, who is now managing director of the firm. "But for the mysterious, unlabelled bottle, I don't think they would have accepted me even yet. Up to that time, all I got was the cold shoulder."

Old Hands Were Baffled

The bottle in question, minus its label, had been knocking around the office for some time. One expert after another had tried his hand, or rather his palate, at attempting to find out what it really was, and had retired puzzled. Then, to the amusement of the staff, Miss Meyer poured some of the mysterious liquid into one of the special narrow-rimmed testing glasses. She sipped it, rolled it on her palate with the traditional tilt of the head and meditative closing of the eyes (which the truthful winetaster admits is just showmanship), delivered the mouthful dead centre into the spittoon, and announced its type and vintage.

A search of the ledgers showed that she was right. The tasters, their professional curiosity by now outweighing their anti-feminine bias, decided to test her with other wines. The cellarman was sent to get more bottles, and Miss Meyer was blindfolded. Glasses of wine were produced and tested in turn. Each time Miss Meyer was able to give the right answer.

"After that," she says, "they were a little less conservative, and didn't go deaf when I asked for information. Even the cellarman thawed. It was a tough year, though."

Still The Only Woman

Four kings and now a queen have sat on the throne since that time. There have been two world wars. Brandy, once considered a luxury at 5s. 9d. a bottle, now sells at about £2. Women have entered most trades and mastered most jobs. One of the few exceptions is the wine and spirit trade. For all her pioneering work, Mrs. Fisher is the only woman liqueur specialist in Great Britain. She has written a book about liqueurs which is accepted as a bible by other experts in the trade. Her travels abroad since taking over the family firm on the death of her father in 1918 have taken her from Riga in the east to Vancouver in the west.

Now a sprightly seventy-two, Mrs. Fisher puts in a full week of five nine-hour days at her offices in Bridge Street, under the shadow of Big Ben. Palace Chambers is a dignified, high-ceilinged block of offices, most of whose tenants

At La Rue, Mayfair, Mrs. Fisher shows how the host samples a bottle before accepting it. "Remember a few simple rules, and you won't be afraid of the waiter," she says

have something to do with the business of politics. The wine firm's only connection with Parliament is that the House of Lords has, in the past, been a good customer, but tenants are proud to point out Mrs. Fisher to visitors as "the greatest liqueur specialist in the world," known as "a bit of a tartar at auctions."

This reputation of being a shrewd bidder at wine sales is something that Mrs. Fisher says she is at a loss to understand. She has not attended a sale for years—ever since, in fact, she found that other merchants had given their representatives orders to "watch what Mother Fisher is bidding and get it away from her."

"That was many, many years ago," she says, and adds, "In this business of ours, once you get a reputation, it sticks."

Older wine merchants, however, have many stories to tell about her appearances at sales. One of the first she ever attended ("it caused something of a sensation when I appeared") was the auction of wine from Queen Victoria's cellars at Balmoral. Nobody could remember having seen a woman at a wine auction before.

"There we were," says one member of the trade, "all old friends together for years. We'd lunched together, dined together, knew each other's families. And then along comes this slip of a girl. And when business starts she steals all she wants from right under our noses. What's more, she got the stuff at the price she wanted."

Except for excursions to lecture to women's organizations on the choosing of wines and liqueurs, Mrs. Fisher does most of her business these days at Palace Chambers, where she sits at a solid, old-fashioned desk which once belonged to her father.

On one side of the room is a cupboard which she calls her "liquid museum," containing miniature bottles of the liqueurs she describes in her book. Here, indexed alphabetically, are liqueurs ranging from advocaat ("it isn't strictly a liqueur because it hasn't got a liqueur's kick"), which is made from raw eggs and brandy and looks like custard, to zubrowka, which is also known as "green vodka." In between are such strong tipples as Greek ouzo or dousico (which used to surprise Allied troops by going white when water was added and was rumoured to be Hitler's secret weapon), Aalberg taffel aquavit, which must be thrown right back into the throat to give a glow that stays, and calvados, the Normandy cider, "three of which," as a G.I. once said, "sure untied my shoelaces."

"Calvados should be swallowed between courses right in the middle of a meal," explains Mrs. Fisher. "What it does is to make a hole in the stomach to give more room for what is to come."

On another shelf is a sample of sloe gin, made from wild blackthorn fruit. There is crême de banane, which tastes just like its name. There are many samples of kümmel, cognac, absinthe and gin and, at the end of the shelf, a small, odd-shaped bottle marked fiori d'alpi, which claims to be spiced with the essence of a thousand flowers and which has a "Christmas tree" of crystallized sugar in every bottle.

"Wonderfully reviving," Mrs. Fisher explains to callers. "All liqueurs are reviving. They were first concocted by medieval monks as aids to digestion."

Inquiries about the more obscure brands reach her at Palace Chambers regularly. A foreign customer on a visit to London once telephoned to ask about something he knew as koumis which, he said, six wine experts had failed to trace for him. Mrs. Fisher was able to let him know that koumis is not a liqueur, but ass's milk.

In recent years, Mrs. Fisher has not only been a regular broadcaster on wines and liqueurs, but now lectures to catering trade students. For these lectures she takes along the bottles from her museum, including the liqueur d'or, which has little specks of gold floating in it and is known as "the only drink with a twenty-two carat kick." She also includes samples of the ingredients of the best-known liqueurs, such as angelica seed, angostura bark, cinchona bark, sandalwood, various nut kernels, wormwood (an ingredient of vermouth), rose petals and myrrh.

She demonstrates her testing technique, and then the students follow suit with between fifteen and twenty different liqueurs, sipping, rolling, and spitting out, eating a small piece of biscuit or cheese or olive between each liqueur so that one taste does not merge into the next one.

Students Broke The Rule

For obvious reasons Mrs. Fisher has one strict rule—no swallowing. The rule has been broken only once. On that occasion two students at the back of the room, well hidden by the rest of the class, seemed to be getting livelier as the lecture progressed. When the session was over they advanced, beaming, and with smiling dignity one of them said: "Thank you, madam, for a very interesting lecture. We followed every word you said." Then they both bowed and walked to the door, where they turned. "I might add, madam," said the spokesman of the two, "I might add that we swallowed a lot of it, too."

When Mrs. Fisher travelled through Canada and America in the prohibition years she was appalled at the way the other commercial travellers she met guzzled their home-brewed whisky and gin. She remembers, too, how the toasts of Anglo-American solidarity came thick and fast; but she managed to hold her own. "All American trains had plenty of spittoons in those days," she explains disarmingly.

Only once, on her own confession, has she ever lost what she calls "control," and that was in Paris many years ago. She walked into a restaurant for lunch and ordered some Rhône wine, and immediately she had drunk a glass began to laugh. She laughed quietly all through the meal, and was still laughing five hours later. Next day, retracing her steps, she began to search for the firm that made this wine, became their agent and has imported their product ever since.

How To Face The Waiter

Mrs. Fisher's talks to women's organizations are doing much to make people less afraid of feeling foolish when ordering wines in restaurants. She brings the subject down to a few simple rules, such as the rough-and-ready one of "drink a dry white wine with fish and poultry, and red with meat, game and cheese."

"After that it's easy going," she explains. "A sweet wine such as port with the sweet and, of course, any good liqueur afterwards."

With a few tips such as these committed to mind, she feels, nobody need be afraid of wine waiters. Such is Mrs. Fisher's reputation as a lecturer that members who have heard her demonstrate wine tasting (the spitting-out part always brings a laugh) have found themselves looking forward to the next encounter with wine waiters with confidence and even, as one has said: "With the full glee of battle."

Another listener, suddenly finding herself discussing wines without self-consciousness, has reported her joy at standing up to waiters who try to force on the customer the most expensive bottle on their list.

"I don't feel cowed any more when I go out," she has explained. "After hearing Mrs. Fisher, I look wine waiters straight in the eye. And if they get snooty I feel I know enough about the subject to spit in their eye, too." THE END

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM

by ***HAMMOND INNES***

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. PETTS

We were alone—isolated on the mountain. But the rig was up. We thought nothing could stop us now

A MAN WITH ONLY A FEW months to live can afford to take risks. Maybe that's why I had decided to buck the big industrial group that wanted to buy me out. And with that group, it was a risk.

My name is Bruce Wetheral. My grandfather, Stuart Campbell, didn't realize I had been given up by the doctors when he left me his property, Campbell's Kingdom; his last wish was that I should carry on his life's work of trying to find oil there.

The Kingdom was a piece of land in the Rocky Mountains of Canada, above the little township of Come Lucky. The people there hated old Campbell; they hated me, too, for wanting to go ahead in the face of this industrial group's plans to build a dam and make a lake of the Kingdom. They thought the dam would bring back prosperity.

I had only one disinterested friend in all Come Lucky—an English girl called Jean Lucas who had befriended my grandfather. And she, when the opposition began to look too formidable, advised me to leave. Instead, I lightheartedly offered her a job as cook up in the Kingdom.

Peter Trevedian, the contractor building the dam—it was on the fringe of my kingdom—refused to let me use his mountain hoist to take up an oil rig and drilling equipment. I couldn't just accept his refusal. Too much was at stake; not only for myself, but for Boy Bladen, my partner, and Garry Keogh, the drilling contractor who had decided to come in with us.

While final oil tests were made in the Kingdom during the warm days of early summer, I relaxed, harboured my strength—and planned. The plan I made was a bold one; it had to be.

I told Garry Keogh to rendezvous his equipment lorries on the road to the mountain hoist, at a fixed spot, at a fixed time; the plan depended on split-second timing. While the lorries lumbered through the black night in thick snow, I tapped the wires to the guard hut on the road to the hoist. I ordered the guard—in Trevedian's name—elsewhere. Then, sweating despite the cold, I stood by the road with Boy Bladen, waiting for Keogh's lorries.

We didn't have to wait long. Soon, the sound of a heavy engine came from the valley below. A few minutes later, the dark shape of a truck loomed up and stopped—dead on time. The first part of the plan was complete.

PART 6

Up The Mountain

BESIDE me, Boy called: "That you, Garry?" The reply came with a roar. "Sure and it's me. Who d'you think it was?" Garry leaned out of the cab. "What now, Bruce?"

I signalled Boy to clamber on and swung myself up on to the step. "All your trucks behind you?" I asked.

"Yeah. I checked about five miles back. What do we do now? What's the plan, eh?"

"Get going as fast as we can," I said.

The driver leaned forward to thrust in his gear. But Garry stopped him. "Before we go ahead, I want to know just what sort of trouble I'm headed for."

"For Pete's sake!" I said.

"I'm not budging till I know your plan, Bruce. There's six vehicles here and a man to each vehicle. I'm responsible for them. I got to know what I'm heading into."

"We'll talk as we go," I said.

"No. Now."

"Don't be a fool," I shouted at him angrily. "The guard is off the gate. Every second you delay——" I took a deep breath and got control of myself. "Get going," I said. "My plan works on split timing over this section." I glanced at my watch. "You're half a minute behind schedule now. If you can't make up that half-minute, you might just as well not have run over from 150-Mile House. And if you miss it this time, there won't be another chance. All your effort will have been wasted. I can only do it this once."

HE hesitated, but I think the earnestness of my voice convinced him as much as my words. He motioned to the driver. The gears crunched, the big motor roared and the trees began to fall away from us on each side as the heavy rig truck gathered speed.

"I see you cut the telephone wires." Garry's voice was barely audible above the roar of the engine.

"That's why I can't do it again," I said. "All we've got to do is rely on confusion. I've been tapping the telephone wires and issuing orders in the name of Trevedian. That enough for you to go on with?"

He hesitated. Then he suddenly nodded and squeezed my arm. "All right," he said. "You got something up your sleeve. I know that. But if the guard is off the gate up here, I'll agree you've been smart and leave it at that for the moment."

As we rounded the bend where the guard was posted, I saw that the gate was swung open and knew that it was all right so far. I caught a glimpse of the deserted guard hut as we passed and then we were climbing. "Can you manage on sidelights?" I shouted to the driver.

For answer, he switched off his headlamps. The night closed in. Snow was beating against the clicking windscreen wipers. He switched on the headlamps again. "Too dangerous." I leaned out from the running board and looked back. The other trucks had their headlights on now. I counted five. A pity about the headlamps, but it couldn't be helped. I glanced at my watch. Eleven thirty-six. The guard should be on the short-cut now. Slowly we approached the point where the shoulder of rock rose, blocking the road and forcing it away to the right into the hairpins.

A figure loomed suddenly in the headlights—a figure on horseback, ghostly in his mantle of white. It was Bill Mannion, the young geophysicist who was working with me.

At a gesture from me, the driver pulled up. "Bruce?" Bill called. And then he shouted: "It's okay. The guard's away. Started up at eleven thirty-three."

"Fine. See you at the Kingdom."

His "Good luck!" came faintly as the engine

We climbed up on the platform and stood there for

a moment, watching the table turning as the drill bit into the rock below us. I shouted to Bill Mannion above the din: "What are you making now?"

roared and we swung away to the first of the hairpins.

That first bend had me in a panic. The truck was big, probably a lot bigger than the ones Trevedian was using. If we got stuck on their hairpins. . . .

But we didn't get stuck. The driver knew his stuff and we scraped round with inches to spare. The second and third bends were easier, but on the fourth we were forced to run back slightly. And then we were over the top and running out to the cliff where the overhang was. "Now listen, Garry," I shouted. "I'm dropping off in a minute. You'll go on till you get to an area of swamp ground where a lot of hardcore has been thrown in to make a causeway. Just beyond that you'll find a place where you can turn off to the right into the brush. Get all your vehicles parked in under the trees and all facing outwards, ready to go on up the road at a moment's notice. All lights out. No smoking. No talking. I'll bring the last truck in myself a little later. Okay?"

He nodded. "Another phone call to make?" he said with a grin.

"That's right," I said.

The road was a shelf now, running along the cliff face. The headlights showed rock and road, and beyond, nothing but black emptiness. Slowly, the big truck rounded the bend under the overhang and then dipped her nose for the long, straight run down to the swamp ground. And as the nose dipped, I dropped to the ground.

One by one the trucks passed me—a pair of round eyes beaming into blazing headlights as they pierced the snow and then sudden blackness as the bulk of it ground past me. Three—four—five; and then I was flagging down the last truck, jumping for the running board. "I'm Bruce Wetheral," I shouted to the driver. "Pull up a moment, will you?"

He hesitated, eyeing me uncertainly. "It's all right," I said. "I've just dropped off Garry's truck."

"Okay." The engine died and the big tanker pulled up with a jerk. "What now?"

"We're acting as rearguard," I told him, unslinging my pack. "They'll be waiting for us about a mile farther on." I pulled out the box containing batteries and detonating plunger, slung the coil of wire over my shoulder and

Continued on page 25

Sporting diplomat gets set for the Olympic Games

by GEORGE THORNLEY

Chaperones for the girl athletes, fodder for the horses—as fix-it man for Britain's Olympic team, Sandy Duncan faces many headaches. Not the least are the cranks who ply him with help

Olympic team manager Sandy Duncan. "I think we've thought of everything," he says hopefully

VISITING HELSINKI, FINLAND, for a preview of the tracks, arenas, pitches, courses, waterways and residential villages to be used for this year's Olympic Games, Sandy Duncan, secretary of the British Olympic Association, was placed one night at dinner between a Bulgarian and a Greek.

Soon the three were discussing past glories, and before the meal ended Duncan's neighbours were involved in an excited but friendly argument about the world's greatest sprinters. The Englishman, though neutral, got the worst of it; for, as the Bulgarian spoke only French besides his own language and the Greek only English, Duncan had to translate every word that passed between them. "It was," he admits, "rather trying, especially after such a big meal. But we got through it in the best international spirit of the Olympics—not much the worse for wear."

Kenneth Sandilands Duncan is used to the smoothing rôle of sporting diplomat. As *chef de mission* and team manager of the 300-strong British contingent competing in the XVth Olympic Games, which begin on July 19, he has to keep sweet relations with Commonwealth, Continental, Iron Curtain and U.S. representatives, the Finnish Olympic promoters, the Home Office, Foreign Office, Board of Trade and Treasury, as well as with thirty-four major sporting bodies, voluntary helpers, temperamental athletes and the British public.

Hard-headed Negotiator

Even in an organization which puts amity high among its aims, this is not always easy. Not long ago, Duncan had the ticklish job of convincing leaders of Britain's amateur sports of the need to limit their Olympic entries on grounds of economy. He met them one Monday night in secret session. "Only a saint," said one team official afterwards, "could have come through it without getting boiled up." In fact, Duncan is a most mundane and hard-headed negotiator. He looks and talks like a schoolmaster who knows he has to be firm—especially about expenditure.

With no financial help from the Government and, as Duncan puts it, "no steady income worth talking about," Britain's Olympic team is sent into action every fourth year by the grace of the man-in-the-street. Newspapers, firms, clubs, philanthropists and some of the better-off sports societies have for months been contributing towards the £30,000 which Lord Burghley, chairman of the British Olympic Council, estimated as the amount needed to give the country adequate representation at Helsinki. "We are most conscious," Duncan says, "that it's public money we're spending. That's why we are determined to get full value and to cut out waste."

No Room For Hangers-on

To this end, the British party will include only top-class performers, and no hangers-on. "Everybody," observed one famous athlete recently, "wants to get on the bandwagon. Sandy has had the job of shoving them off." In the process, the spectacled, slightly stooping secretary, a balding, big-limbed ex-athlete, has tried to analyse the motives of the would-be accompanists. "They range," he says, "from patriotism to love of sport and hero-worship. Some just had ideas of a holiday on the cheap."

One schoolmaster who called to see Duncan in the stuffy, third-floor backroom that serves as the headquarters of British Olympic activities in St. George's Square, ten minutes' walk from the Houses of Parliament, wanted to travel as a "sort of welfare officer." There has also been a crop of masseurs, NAAFI workers, cooks, hairdressers, students with varying intentions, secretaries, shorthand-typists and interpreters, as well as dressmakers, seamstresses, an English-speaking Finn, bag carriers and one woman from Paisley who claimed to be good at odd jobs. A

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young woman wrote from Kensington saying: "I am twenty-one, speak a little French and sew awfully well."

But Duncan had most difficulty in turning down three nurses who visited him one morning in May. Their spokeswoman announced that, in the common-room the night before, they had decided that the British team would get its share of bumps, bruises, sprains, strains and abrasions, besides ordinary sickness—and here they were to help.

"I had to explain," Duncan says, "that, by agreed convention, the entertaining nation provides medical services for *all* teams. The girls were so disappointed that I asked my secretary, in their presence, to put their names and address in our 'Offers of Help' file."

This is the bulkiest of the 167 files Duncan has built up on this year's Games. It covers offers ranging from personal services, as guides and hosts, by British subjects living in Scandinavia, to supplies of free sports equipment, sweaters, laces and even soap and perfumery.

Letter Marked Secret

One man, in a letter heavily marked "Secret," outlined tests "to determine the most suitable lubricant for athletes' armpits." Friction in those parts, he added, tended to reduce efficiency. There was also the psychiatrist who sought Duncan out in a London club a few weeks ago and argued that sportsmen often beat themselves in advance through nerves and apprehension.

"Give me the chance," he said, "and I'll help the British team to get over these frustrations." Says Duncan cautiously: "No fees were mentioned, but we felt it better not to start anything like this."

By now, Duncan is used to the most fantastic offers, requests and queries coming out of the blue. The team for the equestrian events wanted to take half a ton of hay, as horse fodder, to Helsinki; a tricky requirement which caused Duncan long and tedious negotiation with the Board of Trade and the Finnish Embassy. Finally, because of port and health regulations, alternative feeding plans had to be made.

Another problem was the £25 overseas allowance for Britons. It costs £2 2s. a day to feed and house each member of the team in Finland. With most of them staying twelve days or more (they cannot return to Britain until their sport is decided) and out-of-pocket expenses on top, it was felt that £25 would not be enough.

"Consequently," says an Olympic organizer, "Duncan has been haunting the Treasury in search of concessions. He should get them." Not long ago he came away with an agreement which allowed the cost of Games' tickets to be added to the spending limit. "It means," he explains, "that we should get many more spectators to follow us out."

For Duncan, the biggest worry is transporting the team and equipment; he calls it "the Helsinki airlift." Every day between July 11 and 24, York airliners will leave Blackbushe Aerodrome for Finland, a service for which he has arranged passenger lists, team and individual priorities, insurance and timetables. "This," says a colleague, "has meant such a juggling with contending interests that it's surprising so many people are satisfied."

Duncan has had to account for an official entry of sprinters, milers, jumpers, shot-putters, wrestlers, gymnasts, footballers, hockey and water polo teams, rowers, yachtsmen, swimmers, divers, riders, boxers, fencers, weightlifters, riflemen and cyclists. "I have to get them over there according to the scheduled start of their sports," he says. "But some, like the oarsmen, want as much time as possible in advance practice on the competition courses."

He has also had to find room for masseurs, coaches, officials and even chaperones. In addition, he has planned to take four yachts, six rowing boats, several kayaks, canoes and bicycles, a stable load of horses, and rifles, ammunition, sabres, foils and épées. "I think," he says hopefully, "we've thought of everything."

Four years ago, when the Games were held in Britain, it was discovered a few minutes before the opening march past at Wembley that the British team had everything except a Union Jack. The organizing authorities and the team management each thought the other would bring one. Evan A. Hunter, Duncan's predecessor, had packed a flag in his car, however, and Roger Bannister, the famous miler, was sent to fetch it.

"To my horror," Bannister has since related, "what had been an empty parking space when we arrived was now jammed with cars." Eventually, after a frantic search, he did find Hunter's saloon. He smashed a window and got back with the flag just in time. "I don't think Roger has ever run faster," says Duncan. "He must have travelled at the rate of a four-minute mile."

Fall Spoilt His Chance

Sandy Duncan, a forty-year-old Lancastrian from Crawshawbooth, narrowly missed Olympic honours himself. Once a competent right full-back at soccer and a classy long-jumper, sprinter and shot-putter, he got Oxford Blues for both football and athletics.

In 1936, at twenty-four, he was leading the field in the long jump at the Olympic trials at the White City. Then, while showing no signs of being outdistanced by any of his opponents, he landed awkwardly. He limped out of the sand and lay down. As his distance of twenty-three feet was announced, Duncan knew the worst. "It was a torn leg muscle," he recalls. "It put me right out. I never got another chance."

Twelve months later, though, he roused spectators at the Sussex championships by breaking four county records—for the 100 yards, long jump, shot-putt and discus throw. He

TAKE MY TIP

MY clothes prop used to make very ugly holes in the lawn. Then I got a soup tin, knocked a hole in the bottom for drainage, and sunk it slightly below the level of the lawn so it would not foul the mower.

Apart from saving the lawn, it also stops the prop from slipping when the ground is hard.
—Jean Pegler, Ruislip, Middx.

JOHN BULL *pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

improved on each of these in the following two years and still holds the titles. His best performances—a 23 ft. 7¼ in. long jump, a 44 ft. 7 in. shot-putt and a 9.9 seconds 100 yards—all compare well with present Olympic standards.

Besides his Olympic job, he is also honorary secretary of the British Empire Games Federation, which organizes this quadrennial event of Commonwealth athletics; secretary of the British Empire Games Council for England, which deals with the England team; and honorary secretary of the exclusive Achilles Club, with its membership of old Blues. As a sideline he arranges the Oxford *v.* Cambridge sports and their athletic meetings with the American universities of Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Cornell. He is also an official of the Amateur Athletic Association's coaching scheme.

Risk Of Over-eating

Duncan's office is crammed with sporting record books, athletic annuals, Olympic statuettes and framed photographs of bygone Games. On one wall today is a large-scale map of Helsinki. "I'm beginning to know the place almost as well as I know London," he says. On his last visit he inspected living quarters in the specially built villages which will later become permanent suburbs, and discussed menus ("our chief concern," he says, "will be to avoid over-eating after the sort of diet we are used to in Britain").

In addition, he brought back a supply of Olympic identity cards for the team. "They not only get you into the arenas," he says proudly, "but are recognized as passports in and out of Britain and Finland — a sporting triumph over international barriers and red tape." Duncan also has to see that uniforms—blue blazers and white flannels for men, and blue jackets and white dresses for women—are distributed, along with track suits, vests, shorts, gym dresses and buttonhole and pocket badges bearing the Olympic emblem of interlocking circles with the words "Great Britain" underneath.

Between handling these off-track chores, Duncan deals with a stream of official and lay callers and, as he puts it, "enough general queries by phone, letter and personal appearance to qualify me as an inquiry bureau."

Many people ask about booking plans for spectators at Helsinki, others want to know about hotel and private accommodation in the city. "At first," says Duncan, "I gave them what help I could. Now I just pass them on to the tourist people." One woman wanted him to plan her itinerary so that she would see "all the horse-riding events and as much of Finland as possible."

Penniless Globe-trotter

On another occasion a schoolteacher in Birmingham, who hoped she was not presuming on his time (but who was), wrote: "I have set my class an essay on sport. Since I do not know much about it, will you please give me some information on the subject?" Duncan referred her to the nearest library.

There was also the Persian boy who was cycling round the world and, on arriving in London, called on Duncan for help. "I have no money," he explained innocently, "and I want to go to America from here."

"Why pick on me?" Duncan asked.

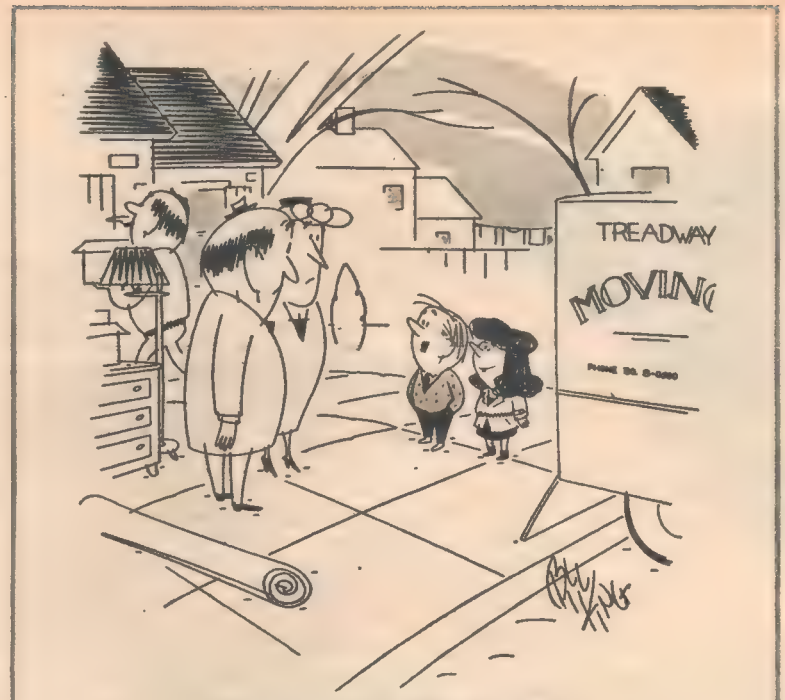
The weather-tanned boy threw up his hands. "This cycling," he said, "*is* an Olympic sport, is it not?"

"I couldn't cap *that*," Duncan says, "so I thought hard." At the time he was in the midst of preparing a booklet of team instructions for Helsinki. This included a list of acknowledgments to British firms who had provided such team necessities as blazer linings, berets, sponges, knitted scarves and ankle socks. It gave Duncan an idea.

"What sort of bike are you riding?" he asked. The boy gave the name of a famous Midlands firm.

"And the tyres?"

Again, they were a well-known British brand. "I put him in touch with the two manufacturers," says Duncan. "I believe he got to America." Out of such patronage—and diplomacy—may come the honours and gold medals sought by Britain's sporting amateurs at Helsinki this month. THE END



"We're the reason why the people who used to live here moved"

I'LL GIVE YOU A MILLION

Continued from page 7

some calculations on the back of an envelope, he replied, "At today's values, as nearly as I can make it, Conant, the sum would be £830,000."

The other's blistering comments were not printable. "Supposing," he asked, "I decide to dispose of everything now, by deed of gift, how long must I survive in order to escape death duties?"

"Five years," replied Merryweather, "and I need not remind you that this is beyond your actuarial expectation of life."

"Let us suppose that I do this," continued Conant, "and that I fail to survive the five years. What then?"

"The Inland Revenue would claim death duties on the entire estate at the expense of your residuary legatee."

"There wouldn't be any residuary legatee if I had given away everything, would there?"

"Then the Inland Revenue would sue the beneficaries under the deeds of gift and, provided they and the money were still under the jurisdiction of the British courts, the Revenue would collect. I don't advise that, Conant. You might saddle your heirs with costly lawsuits, because you may take it from me that in such a case the Revenue would fight to the last ditch."

"I want facts, not advice," snapped Conant.

"You have the facts," retorted the lawyer grimly, "and there's no escaping from them."

"That's where we disagree, Merryweather," said Conant with defiant cheerfulness. "There is an escape from what you call the facts and what I choose to call barefaced robbery. There is an escape, my legal friend. You smile, my friend, but you'll live to see that I'm right. How am I going to do it? That's my affair. Meanwhile, I've some instructions for you. Sell this place to begin with. It's too big and I never liked it anyway. It cost me twenty-five thousand pounds some twenty years ago. I've spent another ten thousand on it and I want a profit. Get on with it. Then I want you to prepare three blank deeds of gift for me. Give me the legal mumbo-jumbo, leaving me to fill in the names and amounts. And hurry! I don't want to wake up one morning to find that there's a tax on gifts. There isn't one, I suppose?"

"No, provided that you survive five years after making the gift, there's no tax. Anything else?"

"Yes. I want an introduction to a reliable firm of estate agents in the West Country. Introduce me as Mr. Smith. I want to look at some small properties. Got that?"

Merryweather opened his mouth to protest, but thought better of it. His parting shot was, "Remember, I'll have nothing to do with any illegality."

"What I'm going to do is legal. I'm going to survive five years. What's illegal about that? Do I have to ask a lawyer's permission? Don't talk poppycock to me. Like everyone else, when the time comes you'll do what intelligent self-interest tells you to do."

During the days that followed, John Conant discovered a new purpose in life. He dedicated himself to the task of keeping his fortune out of the clutches of the tax gatherer. His step quickened. His appetite improved, and with it his temper. The new activities into which he now plunged so vigorously were a refreshing change from the boredom of retirement.

Messrs. Willis, O'Connor and Blackburn, the Exeter estate agents, took John Conant to see a charming little grey-stone house on the edge of Dartmoor. It was situated in a wild and lonely spot commanding a glorious view across moorland to the distant sea. Conant made an immediate offer, which was accepted the same day. By depositing the entire purchase price with the agents — despite Merryweather's protests—vacant possession of the house was secured for a date three weeks ahead.

BACK in London, Conant spent a morning in the library of the Royal College of Physicians, making notes of the names of certain works on forensic medicine. These he ordered from a bookseller, asking the latter to put them in the left-luggage room at Paddington Station and send the receipt to Merryweather. The next purchase was a small combination safe, reputed to be burglar proof. This went to clutter the hall of Merryweather's office.

There were also sundry purchases from a medical-supply store in Wigmore Street. Last of all was a strange-looking object, packed in a huge crate marked: MACHINERY. HANDLE WITH CARE. This, when delivered at the Bedford Row office, almost brought Merryweather's business to an end, for it blocked the entrance.

"Do what you like with it," said Conant in answer to his lawyer's protests, "but have it stored somewhere where it can't be traced to me. I'll send a van to fetch it before long."

On January 9, 1946, he gave a small dinner party at the grey-stone house on Dartmoor. He sat at the head of the table. On his right sat Doctor Menzies, his physician for the last twenty years. On the left was Mr. Merryweather, who seemed ill at ease in the presence of things he did not understand. The other guests were Conant's granddaughter, Mabel, and her husband, Bill Simmons.

Dinner was excellent. It began with Duchy of Cornwall oysters, washed down with a good Chablis, followed by a saddle of local black-market mutton and some first-rate Beaune. For sweet there was a fresh fruit salad smothered in local clotted cream.

When steps had been taken to prevent the servants from eavesdropping at the dining-room door, John Conant began to satisfy the curiosity of his guests, which was at fever heat.

"I am seventy years and a few weeks of age," he began. "For fifty-three of those years I worked hard. In the main, I have been an honest man, although I will admit that there have been certain regrettable lapses. Over these active years I accumulated a large fortune. Mr. Merryweather has estimated that if I die today the death duties payable in respect of my estate would amount to something in the neighbourhood of a million pounds, and this, mark you, notwithstanding that since 1939 I have been paying away nearly all my income in tax.

"What I shall say at this table concerns you all. You may, if you so wish, shout it all from the housetops. But you won't, for intelligent self-interest will seal all your lips more effectively than any promise. . . . You look hurt, Mabel. You don't believe me. Self-interest is the strongest force in the world, and you will live to agree with that statement, horrifying as it may now sound to you."

CONTINUING with impressive emphasis, he said: "I have decided to pass on my fortune intact to those whom I wish to be my heirs. No part of that fortune—no part of it, do you understand — is to be dissipated in death duties. My first consideration has been the faithful employees who helped me to make that fortune. Shortly before Christmas I drew from the bank—after considerable difficulty, I may tell you—the sum of £200,000 in £1 notes. I refused to satisfy my bank manager's curiosity. He then told me he would be bound to make a report on the matter. I told him to report and be damned. I'm not frightened of suspicions. Only proof counts for anything. I — I, John Conant, am going to survive five years from today. The onus of proving that I do not will lie upon the Inland Revenue, while I, don't you see, haven't to prove anything. This sum of £200,000 I personally handed in cash to former employees. The amounts were identical with those I had intended to leave them in my will. As nobody but myself knows the identity of these former employees, nor the sum received by each, the tax-gatherer is going to have a hard time collecting from them, in the unhappy event that something goes wrong with my plans. Intelligent self-interest will unquestionably keep their mouths shut. . . .

"To you my legal friend, Merryweather," continued Conant, warming to his work, "I have, as you already know, given £25,000 by deed of gift executed today in your favour. I do not love you as much as the amount suggests, but I merely remind you that if by ill chance it can be proved that I fail to survive until January 9, 1951, the death duties you will have to pay will whittle the sum down to insignificant proportions. I count on the fact that here again intelligent self-interest will atrophy your legal conscience, if any. . . .

"To you, Menzies," said Conant, turning to the doctor, "I have today given a larger sum — to wit, £50,000. . . . No, I want no thanks. I do not, I must explain, love you twice as much as I love Merryweather, but I have greater need of your talents than his. With income tax as it is, this sum should be worth not less than £200,000 to you. I need hardly say, therefore, that intelligent self-interest will ensure your strict obedience to the Hippocratic Oath, for my untimely decease would be costly—for you."

John Conant took a sip of his brandy before he resumed speaking. He then turned to Mabel Simmons. "To you, my dear," he said, smiling, "I have

ask the expert

Of course, one does not usually think of a baby as an "expert," but he *is*. He knows perfectly well which Baby Food he likes best, and what is more shows it by steady, consistent growth and happy, contented days and nights.

The experts who have to date put thirteen Royal babies on this famous food obviously agree with him.

Your baby also deserves the very best start in life—a Cow & Gate constitution. Insist on Cow & Gate for your baby now and avoid future regrets. Don't delay—get a tin today!

CEREX For Weaning Have you tried it?

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES

JULY
Piers, pierrots, pierrettes.
Waves, wafers and sand castles.
"Any more for the Skylark? Nice day for a sail, Sir!"
Don't forget your umbrella on the 15th in case St. Swithin tries his tricks. But wet or fine, at work or play, myriads will
ROAD UP
Have a CAPSTAN
- they're made to make friends
MEDIUM STRENGTH
CAPSTAN
CIGARETTES
W. D. & H. O. WILLS
20 cigarettes

A SWARM IN JULY IS NOT WORTH A FLY

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. CC 773 E

today given something over one million one hundred thousand pounds in cash, securities, property and personal effects. . . . No, my dear, don't thank me. In fact, the clothes I am wearing now, my cuff links and my watch, this house and everything in it, are yours. If you wish to show me practical gratitude, please do so by helping me to remain alive for another five years. Don't, I beg you, become lachrymose. We do not love each other enough for tears. You are a good girl. I am fond of you, but it is merely a biological accident that you are the daughter of my late daughter. I hope my money brings you happiness, although I take leave to doubt it. Don't give too much to Bill. From what I know of his character—admittedly very little—I would judge that easy money would not be good for him. . . .

"To you, Bill, when the time comes, I shall give a key—the key to the inner safe in my bedroom, as well as the word combination which unlocks it. In that safe there reposes at the present moment something over £200,000—all that remains to me. It is in cash. If I live longer than I expect to live, there is enough to ensure that I shall not want. The rest is yours, but first you must earn it. There will be plenty of time to talk of these things, Bill, because you and Mabel are going to live here for the rest of my life and—who knows?—even a little longer. Where you are concerned, too, I am counting on that same intelligent self-interest to help keep me alive a few years longer."

THE next four years passed pleasantly enough in the little grey-stone house on Dartmoor, although there was no luxury. A daily woman, Mrs. Copland, came in from the village to do the heavy work, but the rest fell on Mabel. Bill, too, had plenty to do. He was, at the end of four years, something of an authority on certain branches of forensic medicine. He was also by way of being a mechanic and electrician, for to him fell the task of tending the electric-light plant. The electric mains did not come within two miles. This had been one of the reasons why John Conant had bought it.

Doctor Menzies was the only contant visitor. He came fortnightly and stayed the night. It interfered with his practice, but this was a patient in whom he had a vested interest.

In addition to her other duties, Mabel became a good typist, handling her grandfather's diminishing correspondence. In 1947, John Conant dictated one letter gleefully. It was to one of His Majesty's inspectors of taxes:

Dear Sir,

I have to acknowledge your letter of the 17th inst. Kindly refrain from addressing any further communications to me. I have no income. I repeat, no income. I am, therefore, of no interest to you. I am a guest at this house, living upon the charity of my granddaughter.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN CONANT

In the early summer of 1950, a shadow fell across the little household. John Conant, strolling in the garden, suddenly felt faint. He fell and had to be helped to bed. Doctor Menzies, summoned by phone, dropped everything and arrived by the next train.

"How long have I got, Menzies?" asked the old man when the examination was completed.

"Not long, I'm afraid."

"How long?"

"A few days—a month at most, I would say."

"No hope of my living until January?"

The doctor shook his head, while Conant seemed lost in thought. "I don't want to see you here again, Menzies," he said at length. "Never, do you understand? Write me a prescription for some drug that might—might, do you understand—keep me alive for a few months. Instruct Mabel as to the dosage and then take the next train back to London and stay there. Thank you for what you've tried to do. I know"—he grinned sardonically—"that you've done your best. Now, I must succeed where you have failed, and I don't want you around."

With a look of blank bewilderment on his face, Menzies left. He did not understand what was afoot. Furthermore, he did not want to know, for he had a vague idea that to know too much might put him in a position where medical ethics and self-interest might prove quite irreconcilable.

Then Conant rang for Bill Simmons. "The word that opens the safe," he told the younger man, "Is M-A-B-E-L. The key is in this envelope. When I'm gone, take everything you find there. Put back a few boxes of cigars, some private files, and so on. It will look better if it is ever opened officially. And lastly, you know what else to do. Remember, if you carry out my instructions to the letter, nothing can go wrong. I've anticipated everything."

For a few days, Conant seemed to rally. He was more cheerful and even persuaded himself that there was still a chance that, in defiance of Menzies, he would live until January. Every four hours, Mabel administered the prescribed drops.

The daily woman, Mrs. Copland, was instructed to be as quiet as possible at her work. That same evening, naturally, the entire village knew of the old gentleman's illness. Doctor Potter, the local G.P., expected to be called in, and was more than a little annoyed that the summons did not come.

ON a glorious day in early July, when John Conant had survived four and a half of the five years since executing the deeds of gift, he felt well enough to sit up at the window and eat his lunch with the panorama of Dartmoor spread before him. With good appetite, he ate a bowl of clear soup, a few slices of chicken with green peas, ending with a bowl of fresh mulberries, picked that morning from a tree in the garden, and a large blob of clotted cream.

At four o'clock, John Conant rang the bell. Mabel and Bill arrived at a run. One look told them all they needed to know. They helped him to bed.

"You know what to do," said the old man, turning to Bill. "Very well then, get on with it!"

At sundown, smiling happily, almost triumphantly, John Conant died. His last words were: "Only six months more, only six months more." He died happy in the knowledge that he had thought of everything. Letters arrived addressed to him. Mabel typed replies on sheets of paper which already bore his signature. One letter came from Doctor Menzies, asking for news. To this, Mabel typed the kind of reply she believed her grandfather would have written.

Dear Menzies,

I am touched by your inquiry about my health. You will, doubtless, be disappointed to learn that I have upset your predictions. I feel younger and better in every way since I rid myself of your ministrations.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN CONANT

"It just isn't possible," muttered

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Sniff it first

HOWEVER long you know a dog, whatever you give him has to pass the test of his nose. In which respect he has more sense than a lot of human beings!

Whatever anyone offers you in the shape of an idea, never accept it until it has been well sniffed by your intelligence. "Whom does it benefit?" asked the Romans when confronted with a new proposal. It's still a good question today.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Menzies when he received this letter sometime during October. "It just isn't possible."

Menzies kept the letter. It might come in useful one day, for it provided proof that, whatever was afoot, he had played no part in it.

Mrs. Copland passed the word round the village that the old gentleman's appetite was still excellent, but it escaped her notice that the two cocker spaniels were putting on weight. From time to time she heard John Conant's voice, but it did not occur to her that she was hearing a gramophone record. Why should it? She knew that John Conant was still alive and would, if necessary, indignantly refute any suggestion to the contrary. After all, she often heard him singing and splashing in his bath while she cleaned his bedroom. The necessary number of drops of medicine were poured down the sink daily and, when the bottle was empty, Mabel obtained another from the village pharmacy.

On Christmas Day, 1950, Mrs. Copland received the gift of £5, with a note in Conant's handwriting wishing her the compliments of the season. The vicar received a gift of money, too, together with a peevish complaint about a cracked bell.

On January 8, 1951, when five years had expired since John Conant had executed the deeds of gift, Mabel and Bill, their long vigil almost over, opened a magnum of champagne. They could afford the luxury, for over £800,000 had eluded the clutches of the tax gatherer.

"In keeping with our 'low overhead' policy, sir, we haven't any mirrors"

FOUR days later, John Conant wrote to Menzies and Merryweather, inviting them down for the last weekend in January. On the eighteenth, a fog lay across Dartmoor. It was an auspicious day. At eight o'clock in the morning, Mabel and Bill lifted John Conant's mortal remains out of the freezer. He looked smiling and peaceful as he lay in his own bed. Bill busied himself with some complicated temperature calculations. Then, lighting three oil stoves, he waited until the thermometer by the bed registered seventy-two degrees.

Mrs. Copland chose to have a bad cough that day, so Mabel sent her home. It was a long, somewhat tense day. After dark, wrapping themselves warmly, Mabel and Bill slipped out of the grounds into the fog and darkness, and were soon groping their way across the moor. At ten thirty that evening, apparently lost, they knocked upon the door of a lonely cottage. When it was explained to those living there that Mabel's sick grandfather was alone in the house, a young man offered to guide them home, where they arrived a little after 11.15 p.m. in a great state of anxiety.

Doctor Potter was not best pleased when, at 11.20 p.m., the bedside telephone awakened him from a deep sleep, but he came at once. "Your grandfather," he told Mabel after a brief examination, "died two hours ago. In the circumstances, you will understand, I cannot issue a death certificate."

"But why not?" asked Mabel.

"I did not attend your grandfather while he was alive. I know nothing of his state of health. It would not be proper. Unless his usual doctor cares to issue the certificate, I must notify the coroner."

Mabel explained that Menzies lived in London and had not seen the patient for more than six months.

Potter, who felt aggrieved at being called in when Conant—locally reputed to be a wealthy man—had expired, duly reported the matter to the coroner in such terms that the latter felt compelled to order an inquest. Everything happened exactly as John Conant had predicted.

Then the newspapers got hold of the story. John Conant's survival of five years by such a narrow margin, as well as the large sum at stake, was news. A grave-faced official of the Inland Revenue read the story in his morning paper. He immediately communicated by telephone with the Home Office, as a result of which the coroner was instructed to order an autopsy. Events were sweeping towards their climax.

The coroner's court was held in the village hall. Doctor Potter testified to such facts as he knew. His tone was peevish. Death had, he said, taken place around 9 p.m. on January eighteenth. He reached this conclusion from the temperature of the body and other factors. Doctor Ingleby, the police surgeon, stated that the cause of death had been a coronary thrombosis. He had no doubts. His evidence was of a strictly technical nature. Before he left the witness box, however, he passed to the coroner a slip of paper.

The coroner was perplexed. He was accustomed to inquiring into why people died. That was his job. But the object of this inquest, judging by hints which had been dropped in his presence by the solicitor representing the Inland Revenue, who held a watching brief, was to ascertain why John Conant had lived. It was all very odd.

MABEL and Bill Simmons were duly called. Their story of being lost on the moor and returning to find Conant dead was corroborated in part by the cottagers. Their story was quite consistent with the facts and probabilities. Mabel became rather tearful when asked by the coroner why, during the last months of her grandfather's illness, she had not called a doctor to see him. She explained that the sick man had flatly refused to allow a doctor in the house.

Doctor Menzies corroborated this, passing John Conant's last letter to the coroner, who read it aloud to the jury.

"You last saw your patient some six months ago, Doctor Menzies? Is that correct?"

"That is correct. To be precise, it was on July eighth."

"What impression did you then form as to his expectation of life?"

"I told him," replied Menzies, "that he could not live for more than a few months."

"His death, therefore, is not surprising to you?" asked the coroner.

"No," replied Menzies. "I expected it to take place sooner than it did."

"Is it a fact that five years ago the deceased gave you £50,000?"

"That is so."

"A large gift, Doctor Menzies. Unusually large. Would you care to amplify the matter?"

"When giving me this sum," replied Menzies with a wry smile, "Mr. Conant told me that intelligent self-interest would ensure my doing everything possible to keep him alive for five years. Naturally, I needed no such incentive."

"Naturally, Doctor Menzies, naturally!" was the soothing reply.

Although nothing at all sensational or suspicious had emerged in the evidence given, tension built up in the improvised courtroom. Every eye turned towards Mabel when, after a brief lull, the coroner re-read the slip of paper which the police surgeon had handed to him and recalled her to the witness box.

"I regret having to prolong this ordeal, Mrs. Simmons. I realize how distressing it must be for you. But I want you to cast your mind back to the day of your grandfather's death and tell us what he ate for lunch."

"I remember perfectly," replied Mabel. "He ate some clear soup, a little chicken with green peas, followed by some fresh mulberries with cream."

"Fresh mulberries, Mrs. Simmons? Somewhat unusual in January, are they not?"

"They were my grandfather's favourite fruit."

The coroner glanced at the slip of paper in front of him. The police surgeon had written: *"It might be worth while ascertaining how mulberry pips came to be in the stomach of the deceased. They could, of course, have been bottled."*

"But fresh mulberries, Mrs. Simmons—I just don't understand."

"Well, when I say fresh," replied Mabel in pretty confusion, "They were just the same as fresh. You see, they were all picked last summer and put in the freezer. There are still a few packages left."

"Quite so, Mrs. Simmons, quite so."

"I never did hold with them newfangled freezers," Mrs. Copland was heard to say after the jury had returned its verdict that the deceased had met his death on January eighteenth from natural causes. "Like as not, that's what killed the old gentleman. Singin' in his bath, he was, the day before he died."

John Conant had thought of everything. THE END

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM

Continued from page 19

flicked on my torch. "I'll be about five minutes," I said.

The snow was thicker now as I walked back down the road. In places it was drifting. My feet made no sound. Visibility was almost nil—the torch revealed nothing but a world of whirling white. I found the cliff wall and felt my way along it, probing with the torch for the branch with which I had marked the shot holes. The branch was still there, white with snow. I found the wires without difficulty, connected up with them and walked back, trailing the battery wires out behind me. At the limit of the wires, I connected to the batteries, checked my connections carefully and then stood back, hesitating for a moment, wondering whether I had fixed the detonators correctly, scarcely believing that a thrust of the plunger could bring down thousands of tons of rock. Then quickly I stooped, grasped the handle and plunged it down.

There was a terrifying roar that went on and on, reverberating through the valley, plunging downwards, scattering debris in the trees, shaking the snow from them, stripping their branches. A chip of rock as big as my head thudded into the ground at my feet. And then, quite suddenly, there was silence.

I ran forward, probing with my torch, stumbled and almost fell. Piled in front of me was a mountain of debris. The results couldn't have been better. The whole cliff face had fallen outwards, spilling across the road and over the precipice beyond. I tugged at the wires till they came free, coiled them over my arm and went back to the truck. The driver was out on the road. "For goshakes," he said, "What was that?"

"Just blocking the road behind us," I said. "Pull your truck over so that I can reach those telephone wires."

IT was difficult. The wires were sagging loosely. I got my telephone equipment clipped on to the wires, and rang and rang. At length a voice answered me. "Butler, Slide Camp, here. What's going on? I've been trying to get——"

"Listen, Butler," I shouted, again holding the mouthpiece well way from my face. "There's been an accident. That cliff face. It's fallen. There's——"

"I can't hear you. Speak up, please. The line's very bad."

"Probably because it's down," I shouted.

"I've been trying to ring you. That truck just got in. The driver says there's no sign of any falls——"

"To hell with the truck. Listen, damn you," I shouted. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes. Is that Mr. Trevedian?" he said.

"Yes. Now listen. There's been a bad fall. The cliff has fallen in and buried one of our trucks. Have you got that?"

"Yes."

"Right. How many men have you got up there?"

"Men? Including everybody?"

"Including every goddam soul."

"About fifty-three, I guess."

"How many trucks?"

"Four. No, five—counting the one that's just arrived."

"Okay. Rustle up every man in the camp, all the digging equipment you can, pile them into trucks and get down to that fall as fast as you can. We've got to have that road cleared by tomorrow morning. And there's the driver of the truck. He's buried under it somewhere. I want every man—you understand? No cooks or clerks skulking around, avoiding work. I want every man—the men guarding the hoist—every goddam man. And don't think I won't know if there are any left behind. I'll have a roll call before we're through. Every man, you understand. This is an emergency."

"Where are you speaking from?" His voice sounded doubtful. "I've been trying to ring——"

"Get on with it, damn you! I want the whole lot of you down here in half an hour. I'll be working up with my men from the other——" I pulled off the wires then and wiped the sweat from my forehead. God, I felt tired. Would he bring them all down or would he mess it up? Suppose he decided to recce with just a truckload first? Everything depended on how scared he was of Trevedian. I was banking a lot on

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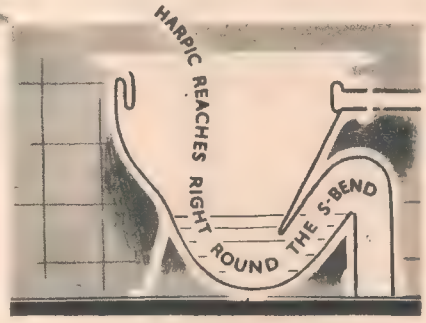

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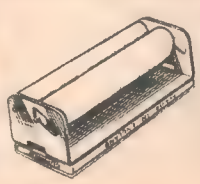

Trevedian's reputation for ruthlessness.

Slowly I climbed back into the cab. "Okay," I murmured, as I sank back into the seat, absorbing gratefully the hot smell of the engine. "Let's go and join the others."

The driver was staring at me. His face looked white and scared in the dashboard lights. He switched on the headlamps and instantly the snow was a white, drifting wall. Would they risk coming down through this? I wondered. The heavy diesel coughed and roared, the tanker ground forward round the curve of the hill, down the straight run to the swamp ground, across the hardcore—and then Garry was there, white like a ghost in the snow, signalling us in, guiding the driver as he backed the tanker alongside the other trucks.

"What was that noise?" Garry asked as the driver cut his engine. The world became suddenly black as the lights were switched off. And then Garry was beside me, gripping my arm. "What have you been up to?" His face, too, looked scared in the faint light from the cab.

"Got a cigarette?" I said.

He handed me one and lit it for me. "Well?" he said.

"There's been a bit of a fall," I said wearily.

"A fall?" Then he saw the dynamiting equipment lying beside me on the seat. "Do you mean you've blown the road, by that overhang?"

"That's about it," I said.

"But cripes, man—that's a criminal offence. They'll have the Mounties up here. . . ."

"We'll see," I said. "It won't be easy to prove."

"I should have insisted on your telling me your plan before——"

"There wasn't time," I said. And then suddenly I lost my temper. "Damn it, how did you think we were going to get a rig up there? Ask Trevedian to be kind enough to bring it up for us? Well, I did that. I warned him this was a public highway, built with Government money. He laughed in my face."

Boy had come up beside him. "What do we do next, Bruce?" His voice was steady, quite natural, as though this were the most ordinary thing in the world. It was a great effort.

"I've phoned the camp," I said. "We wait here until they're all down at the fall."

"And then we blow up the camp, I suppose?" Garry said sarcastically.

"No," I replied. "Just a bridge. Better get some rest, both of you," I added. "We've a long night's work ahead of us."

Boy turned away, but Garry hesitated and then he nodded slowly. "Guess you're right," he said, and went back to his truck.

HALF an hour later, headlights pierced the snow for a moment and a truck rumbled past. There were men in the back of it, white shapes huddled against the blinding snow. Another truck followed a few minutes afterwards and then another. They showed for an instant in the murk and then vanished quite suddenly, swallowed up in the storm. A branch creaked and split, broken off by the weight of snow. It fell across one of our trucks. We waited and watched. There were still two more trucks. Five minutes . . . ten. Nothing came. At length I got out of the cab and walked up the line to Garry's truck. "I think we'll risk it," I said. "Go one mile and then stop. As soon as I've blown the bridge, I'll change places with Boy and ride up with you. Okay?"

Garry opened his mouth to say something, but then closed it again. "Okay," he said.

One by one the trucks pulled out and swung on to the road. I followed in the last truck. Our headlights nosed the red tail-light of the truck ahead. The hill was short and steep. I saw the truck ahead begin to swing and then we stopped, back wheels spinning. For an awful moment I thought we were going to get stuck. To fit chains would take half an hour. But then the wheels suddenly gripped as they dug down through the snow to the surface of the road. We nosed forward, touched the truck ahead and again stuck with wheel spin. But a moment later both of us were grinding forward, lipping the top of the hill and running down to the torrent. The logs of the bridge were heavy with snow. There was no hollow sound of wheels on wood as we crossed, only a slight change in the noise of the engine.

A hundred yards farther on, I had my driver stop, and ran back to fix my battery wires. The explosion was much sharper this time. It was like the sound of a gun and the echoes vanished abruptly, masked by the falling snow. When I went forward to look at the bridge, it was a tumbled mass of logs. The drop to the torrent bed was only a few feet. Nobody would be hurt if a truck failed to pull up in time.

I got back into the cab and half a mile farther on we caught up with the tail-light of the truck ahead. They had pulled up, engines panting softly in the darkness. I ran up to the leading truck and sent Boy back to bring up the rear. Garry looked at me once out of the corners of his eyes as I settled down beside him, but he said nothing and we started forward up the long drag to the camp.

IT was twelve forty when we saw the lights of a hut. More lights appeared as we slowly followed the road across the camp area. From somewhere in the darkness came the faint hum of a diesel-electric plant. "Do you reckon they've all gone down in those trucks?" Garry asked. It was the first time he had spoken.

"I don't know," I said. "I hope so."

We were almost clear of the camp when a man suddenly ran out into the middle of the road, flagging us down with his arm. "What do we do now?" the driver asked. "Ignore him?"

But I knew we couldn't ignore him. "You'll have to pull up," I said. I could feel myself trembling and my feet and hands felt deathly cold. Something had gone wrong. Another man appeared beside the first; another and another—a whole bunch of them. As we pulled up, they crowded round us.

"Switch the dashboard light off," I said to the driver. And then, leaning out of the darkness of the cab, I flashed the beam of my torch on them, blinding them. "What the hell are you boys doing up here?" I rasped. "Didn't you get Trevedian's orders? Every man is wanted down the trail. There's been a bad fall. One of our trucks is buried."

A man stepped forward, a big gangling fellow with a battered nose. "We only got here yesterday. We heard some sort of a commotion going on and then the trucks pulled out. They must have forgotten about us, I guess. We didn't know what in hell was going on. We'd just about decided to take one of the trucks and go down and find out. We thought mebbe they were scared of another slide."

I said: "Well, you'd better get down there as fast as you can. It's an emergency call. Trevedian wants everybody down there."

"Then why didn't you boys stay there?"

"We had to clear the road," I said quickly. "Besides, he wasn't risking this stuff. It's got to be up the top and ready to start operating tomorrow. Anybody on the hoist?"

"I don't know," the big fellow answered. "We're new here."

"Well, if you're new here you'd better look lively and get down the road. Trevedian's a bad man to fall out with."

"Tough, eh? Well, nobody ain't going to get tough with me." His voice was drowned in a babble of talk. Then the men began to drift away to their hut. I signalled the driver to go on and we rumbled into the trees and down the slope to the edge of the slide. A glow pierced the darkness ahead, resolved itself into a floodlight hanging from a tall pine pole. There were others, a whole circle of lights blazing on the dazzling white of the snow, lighting up the concrete box of the

"Sorry to see you go, Jenkins—you'll be hard to replace at the salary I've been paying you"

cable housing. A figure appeared, armed with a rifle. "Hell!" I breathed. That damned fool Butler had failed to collect the guard.

I clambered down from the cab and started to explain. But as soon as I told him we'd got to get our trucks up the hoist, he began asking me for my pass. "Don't be a goddam fool, man," I shouted. "Trevedian's down at the fall trying to clear it. How in hell would he issue passes? Can you work the motor?"

He shook his head uncertainly.

"Well, probably one of my men can handle it," I said.

"Nobody's allowed to touch the engine except the hoist men," he said, woodenly. "That's orders."

"Oh, for God's sake," I yelled at him. "This isn't routine. This is an emergency. Don't you know what's happened?" He shook his head. I leaned closer. "Better keep this under your hat. Nobody's supposed to know. There's a bad crack developed in the foundations of the dam. They think the cliff face may be moving. We've got to drill and find out what the strata underneath are formed of. And we've got to do it damned quick." I caught hold of his arm. "For crying out loud, man, what do you think we're doing up here when one of our own trucks is buried under a fall? We wanted to stay and help dig him out. But Trevedian wouldn't let us. He said it was more important to get our trucks up on schedule."

THE man hesitated, conviction struggling against caution. "You wait here," he said and hurried back to the housing. I saw him winding and winding at the telephone.

"What's going to happen?" Garry asked.

"It'll work out," I said.

"Well, no rough stuff," he growled. "We've done about 10,000 dollars worth of damage already tonight."

"They'd have a job to prove we did it," I said.

"Mebbe. But if you try pulling a gun on this guy. . . ."

"I haven't got a gun on me," I snapped irritably. "And anyway, I'm not that much of a fool."

The guard came out of the housing. "I can't get any reply." His voice was hesitant.

"What did you expect?" I snarled at him. "There's a million tons of rock down on the road and the line's under it. In any case, Trevedian's at the fall, not in his office." I turned as figures emerged into the glare of the lights, led by the man with the battered nose. "What's the trouble?" I said.

"No keys in the trucks," he said. "What do we do now?" They were muffled in fur jackets and windbreakers. Some carried picks and shovels. "If we could have one of your trucks," he said.

I hesitated. But the snow was falling thick.. Much as I wanted to get rid of them, I didn't dare risk one of the trucks. "Are you just labourers or have any of you been taken on as engineers on the draw works of the hoist here?"

It was a shot in the dark, a hundred to one chance, but it came off. One of them stepped forward. "Please. I am engaged to replace an engineer who is seek." Dark eyes flashed in a sallow face. "I am shown how eet works yesterday." He smiled ingratiatingly.

"Good," I said. "Get in there and get the engine started." And as the little Italian hurried over to the housing, I turned to the guard. "There. Does that satisfy you? Goddam it," I added, "you'd think that piece of machinery was something new in atomic weapons the way you fuss about it."

"But my orders——"

"Damn your orders!" I screamed, catching hold of him by his coat and shaking him. "It's just a diesel engine. Like any other damned diesel engine. And this stuff has got to be up there first thing. And because of your blasted Trevedian and this bloody dam we're up here instead of helping to dig out one of our pals. I wish to God we'd never been given the job. But it's a thousand bucks a day this outfit costs and there'll be hell to pay if we're not up there on schedule, snow or no snow." I swung round on the silent, gaping crowd of men. "All right. You stay here and give us a hand loading the trucks. Garry!" He didn't answer. He stood there, staring at me and for the first time that night I saw a gleam of excitement in his eyes, a hint of laughter. "Get your first truck on to the staging. These men will help you load and secure. Boy! You ride up with the first vehicle and supervise the off-loading at the top. And see that you don't waste any time."

I turned to the bunch of men, standing there like sheep. "Any of you cook?" It was the inevitable Chinaman who came forward. "All right," I said. "You get up to the cookhouse. I want hot chow for all of us in two hours' time. Okay?"

"Okay, mister. I can do. Velly good cook."

"See it's hot," I shouted at him.

I turned then and went into the housing. The pilot motor was already running. The little Italian engineer grinned at me. The guard hovered uncertainly. The cable wheel trembled and the cage bumped as the rig truck

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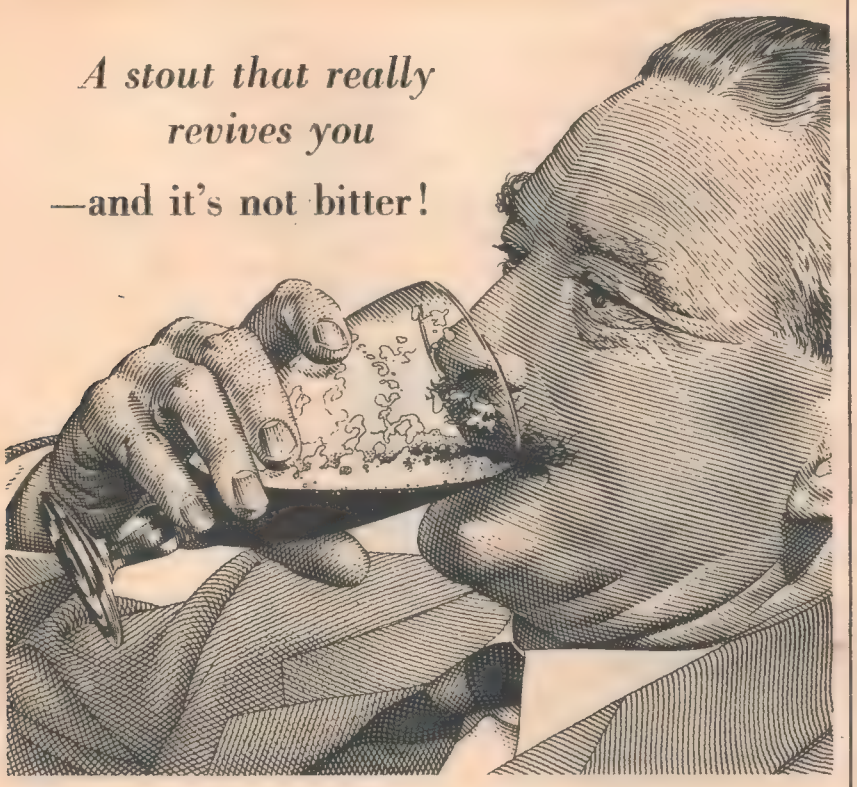

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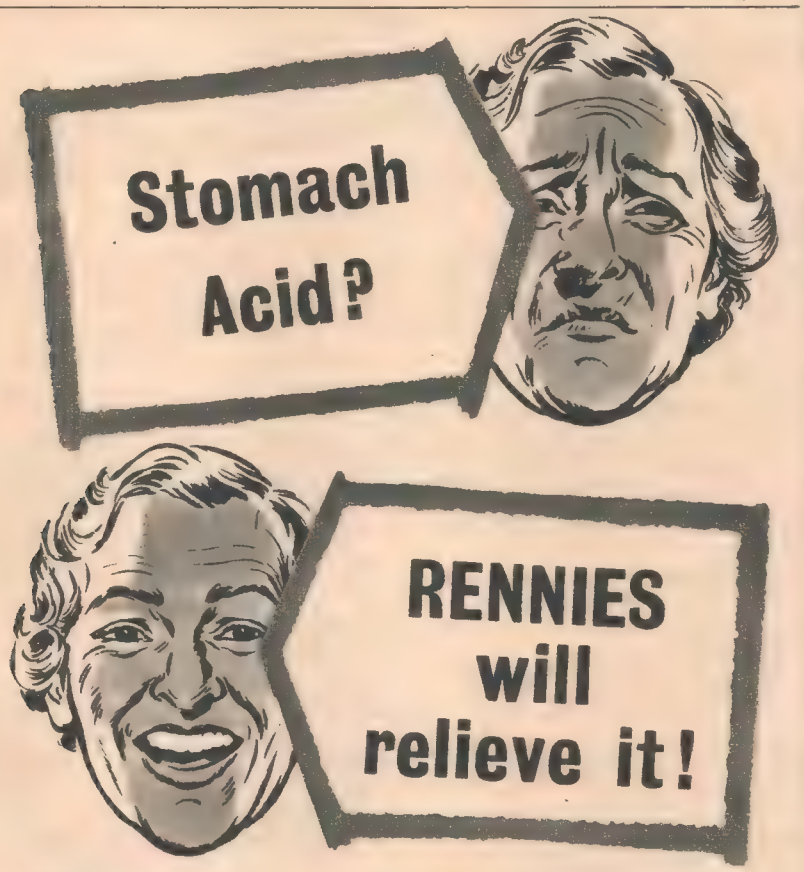

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was driven on to the staging. The guard touched my arm. His face was pale and he was still uncertain. He opened his mouth to say something and then the big diesel started with a roar that drowned all other sound. I saw a look of helplessness come into his eyes, and he turned away.

I knew then that we were through the worst. He couldn't hold the whole gang of us up with his rifle. Besides, it must have seemed all right. I'd more than twenty men from the camp working with me. I had come in quite openly. All that made him doubtful, I imagine, was that his instructions had been dinned into him very thoroughly and forcefully.

Five minutes later, the draw-works began to turn and the first and heaviest truck went floating off into the whirling, driving white of the night. It was there for a second, white under its canopy of snow, looking strangely unreal suspended from the cable, and then it reached the limits of the lights and vanished abruptly.

I stayed inside the engine housing. I was safe there. Nobody could talk to me against the roar of the engine. One or two tried, but gave it up. I had warned Garry to see that all his men knew the story and stuck to it if they got into conversation with any of the men from the camp or if the guard started asking questions. Shortly after two thirty, the Chinaman brought down big vacuum flasks full of thick soup, piping hot, and a great pile of meat sandwiches. Three trucks were up by then. A fourth was just leaving. We sent one flask up with it. The snow was still falling.

By four o'clock, the sixth truck was being loaded. Every few minutes now, I found myself glancing at my watch. Eight minutes past four and the hoist was running again. Only one more truck. "What's worrying you?" Garry shouted above the din of the engine.

"Nothing," I said.

He didn't say anything, but I noticed that his eyes kept straying now to the point where the roadway up to the camp plunged into darkness. Suppose Butler and his gang had smelt a rat. Or maybe he'd send a truck up for more equipment. They'd find the bridge down. It wouldn't take them long to repair it. Any moment they might drive in, asking what the hell was going on. My hands gripped each other, my eyes alternating between the road and the big iron cable wheel. At last the wheel stopped and we waited for the phone call that would tell us they had unloaded. "They're taking their time," Garry growled. His face looked tired and strained.

I had started to tremble again. I tried to pretend it was the cold, but I knew it was nervous strain. At last the bell rang, the indicator fell and the engineer started the cage down. That ten minutes seemed like hours. And then at last the cage bumped into the housing, the diesel slowed to a gentle rumble and we could hear the engine of the last tanker roaring as it drove on to the cage. We went out into the driving snow then and watched the securing ropes being made fast.

It was ten to five and faint greyness was creeping into the darkness of the night as Garry and I climbed up beside the driver. I raised my hand, there was a shout, the cable ahead of us jerked tight and then we, too, were being slung out into the void.

I don't remember much about that trip up. I know I clutched at the seat, fighting back the overwhelming fear of last-minute failure. I remember Garry voicing my thoughts: "I hope they don't catch us now," he said. "We'd look pretty foolish swinging up here in space till morning."

"Shut up," I barked at him, my voice unrecognizable in its tenseness.

He looked at me and then suddenly he grinned and his big hand squeezed my arm. "They don't breed many of your type around this part of the world."

The minutes ticked slowly by. A shadow slipped past my window. The pylon at the top. We were over the lip. Two minutes later, our progress slowed. There was a slight bump and then we were in the housing. Figures appeared. The lashings were unhitched, the engine roared and with our headlights blazing on to a wall of snow, we crawled off the staging and floundered through a drift to stop above the dam.

As we climbed out, the cage lifted from the housing and disappeared abruptly. The ground seemed to move under my feet. I heard Boy's voice say: "Well, that's the lot, I guess. You're in the Kingdom now, Garry—rig and all." Then my knees were giving under me and I blacked out.

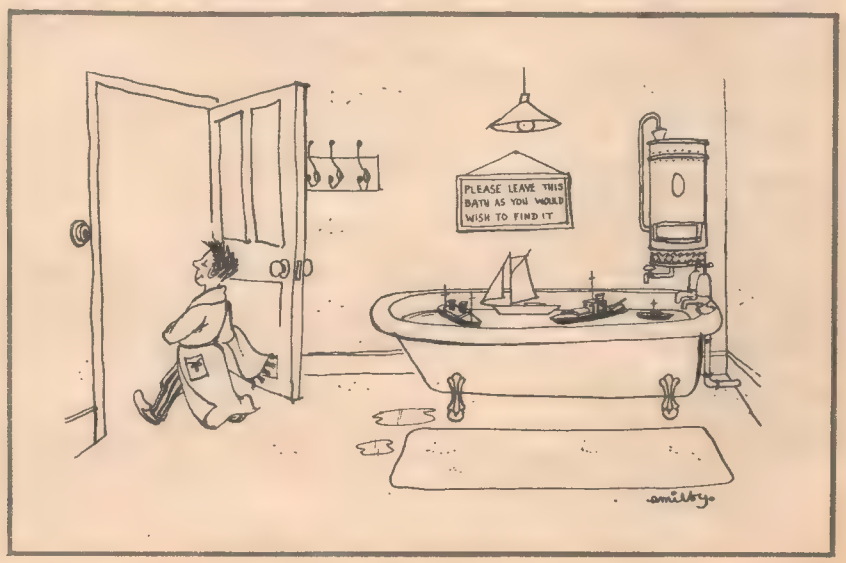
I CAME to in the firm belief that I was on board a ship. There was a reek of hot engine oil and the cabin swayed and dipped. And then I opened my eyes and found myself staring at the luminous dial of an oil gauge. Raising my eyes, I saw a faint glimmering of grey through a windscreen.

"You okay, Bruce?" It was Boy's voice. He was propping me up in the seat of the cab and we were grinding slowly through thick snow. "You'll be all right soon. There's hot food waiting for us at the ranch-house. We had to stop to fix chains. The snow is pretty deep in places."

I remember vaguely being spoon-fed hot soup and men moving about, talking excitedly, laughing, pumping my hand. And then I was lying in a bed. But this time it was different. It wasn't because I was ill. It was only because I was physically and nervously exhausted. And I was back in the Kingdom. The rig was here at last. We were going to drill now. And with that thought, I went to sleep and stayed asleep for twelve hours.

And when I woke up, Boy was there beside me and he was grinning and saying that the rig would be up before nightfall. When I went down to the drilling site next morning, I found the rig erected and the draw-works being tightened down on to the steel plates of the platform. The travelling block was already suspended from the crown and the kelly was in its rat housing. They had already begun to dig a mud sump and there were several lengths of pipe ready in the rack.

I stood there with Boy and Garry



FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

HIS PARENTS took this little boy to his first orchestral concert when he was two. His father had saved up for a long time for tickets, and when the evening came there was no one with whom to leave the toddler.

Other music-lovers in the gallery looked askance at the little boy on his father's knee, but, instead of crying, he listened intently to the music all the time.

When he was three he imitated the motions of a violinist, and his father bought him a toy fiddle. But when he found that it would not play music he threw it away, breaking it into pieces. "It won't sing! It won't sing!" he wailed.

So his grandmother in Palestine sent the money to San Francisco, where the family was living, to buy him a real one. By the time he was five he was playing in public.

He was acclaimed as an infant prodigy, but his parents refused to capitalize on him, and he was ten before he made his début with an orchestra. He never went to school, but was taught at home by his parents. He and his sisters climbed on chairs and stools in the kitchen, where a blackboard was propped up on a table, and learned their lessons from their mother as she cooked and cleaned.

He found he had a photographic memory. When he was six, he was ill in bed. To pass the time, he studied the score of the Spohr D-minor concerto. When he was better he found that he was able to play the entire concerto without once referring to the music.

He played and studied in Paris, where this photograph was taken when he was twelve. Apart from his music, he was a normal child. Once he shaved his head for a practical joke: this meant that major concerts had to be postponed until he was presentable again.

Unlike most children, he found that practising the violin was exciting and absorbing. He would lock himself in his room so that no one could disturb him. His fingers developed until the string-fingers of his left hand were half an inch longer than those of his right.

Fame has stayed with the infant prodigy. For his name, see page 35

and stared across to the dam less than a mile away. The sun was shining and already the snow was beginning to melt. I was thinking it was time Trevedian came storming into our camp. But nobody seemed to be taking any notice of us. The hoist moved regularly in and out of the housing, the loads of cement were stacked under their tarpaulins, the mixers chattered noisily and every now and then there was the heavy roar of blasting and more stone was run down in the tip wagons or slung on the cable across to the centre of the dam. "We'll have to mount a guard," I said.

Boy wiped the sweat from his face. "I'm sleeping down here," he said. "I can borrow that pistol of yours. There are four rifles on the site as well."

I nodded, still looking across to the dam. "The next move is with them," I murmured, half to myself.

Garry chuckled. "Mebbe he's had enough. You sure fooled them."

I turned away. I didn't like it. The natural thing would have been for Trevedian to come and raise hell. It wasn't in the nature of the man to take it lying down. But he didn't come that day, nor the next, nor the next. I didn't feel up to heavy work, so I took over the cooking again.

ON the morning of Tuesday, June 9, just a week after the rig had rolled into Thunder Valley, Garry spudded in. I stood on the platform and watched the block come down and the bit lowered into the hole. The bushing was dropped into the table, gripping the grief stem, and then at a signal from Garry the platform trembled under my feet, the big diesel of the draw-works roared and the table began to turn. We had started to drill Campbell Number Two.

I walked slowly back to the ranch-house to the music of the drill, the noise of it drowning the irritating chatter of the mixers at the dam. Strangely I felt no elation. It was as though I had sailed out of a calm and felt the threatening presence of the approaching storm. I went into the kitchen and began peeling potatoes for the evening meal.

Half an hour later, I heard the patter of feet, the door was pushed open and a big brown collie fell upon me, barking and licking my hand and jumping up to get at my face. It was Moses, my grandfather's old collie dog. He was spattered with mud and his coat was as wet as if he'd just swum the Jordan. I went out into the grey murk of the morning and there, coming up beside the barn, was Jean, riding a small pinto. She pulled up as she saw me and sat there, looking at me. Her hair was plastered down with the rain so that it clung to her scalp, showing the shape of her head like a boy's. Her face looked strained and almost sad. The pony drooped its head. She sat motionless. Only her eyes seemed alive. "Mac said you needed a cook." Her voice was toneless.

"Yes," I said. And I just stared at her. I couldn't think of anything to say. And yet there was a singing in my blood as though the sun were shining and the violets just opening.

"Well, I hope I'll do." She climbed stiffly down from the saddle, undid her pack and walked slowly towards me. She stopped when she reached the doorway. She had to, I suppose, because I was blocking it. We looked at each other for a moment.

"Why did you come?" I asked at length. My voice sounded hoarse.

She lowered her gaze. "I don't know," she said slowly. "I just had to, I guess. I brought you this." She handed me a bulky envelope. "Now I'd like to change, please."

I stood aside and she went through to the bedroom. I turned the envelope over. It was postmarked London. Inside was a whole sheaf of typewritten pages, the newspaper report of my grandfather's trial which I had asked a friend to copy for me. I

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stabled the pinto and then I sat down and read through the report. Stuart Campbell had himself gone into the witness box. His evidence was the story of his discovery of the seep, of the abortive drilling in 1913, of his sincere conviction that there was oil in the Kingdom. Most of it I now knew, but one section of it hit me like a blow between the eyes. It occurred during cross-examination by his own counsel:

Counsel: This well you were drilling in 1913—why did you suddenly abandon it?

Witness: We couldn't go on.

Counsel: Why not?

Witness: We struck a sill of igneous rock. We were operating a cable-tool drill and it was too light for the job.

Counsel: At what depth was this?

Witness: About 5,600 feet. We had to have a heavier drill and that meant more capital.

Counsel: And so you came to England?

Witness: Not at once. I tried to raise money in Canada. Then the war came. . . .

I leaned back and closed my eyes. Five thousand six hundred! And our geophysical survey showed an anticline at 5,500. The anticline was nothing but the sill of igneous rock that my grandfather had struck in 1913. God, what a fool I'd been not to get hold of the account of this case before starting to drill. Why hadn't my grandfather mentioned it in his progress report? Afraid of discouraging me, I suppose. I got to my feet and went over to the window and stood there staring across to the rig, wondering what the hell I was going to do. But there wasn't anything I could do. It hadn't stopped my grandfather from trying to drill another well.

"I wish somebody from back home would write me nice long letters like that."

I swung round to find Jean standing beside me. "It's just a business letter," I said quickly. I folded it up and put it back in the envelope. I couldn't tell her that what she had brought me was the full account of Stuart Campbell's trial.

THAT night the stars shone and it was almost warm. The second shift was working and we strolled down to the rig where it blazed like a Christmas tree with lights rigged up as far as the derrick man's platform. We were talking trivialities, carefully avoiding anything that could be regarded as personal. And then in a pause I said: "Didn't you like it in Vancouver?"

"Yes, I was having fun—dancing and sailing. But. . . ." She hesitated and then sighed. "Somehow it wasn't real. I think I've lost the capacity to enjoy myself."

"So you came back to Come Lucky?" She nodded. "To escape again?"

"To escape?" She looked up at me and there was a tired set to her mouth. "No. Because it was the only place I could call home. And then. . . ." She walked on in silence for a bit. Finally, she said: "Did you have to slap Peter Trevedian in the face like that?"

"I had to get the rig up here. It was the only way."

She didn't say anything for a moment. Then she sighed. "Yes. I suppose so."

We came to the rig and climbed on to the platform and stood there watching the table turning and the block slowly inching down as the drill bit into the rock 200 feet below us.

Bill was standing beside the driller. "What are you making now?" I shouted to him.

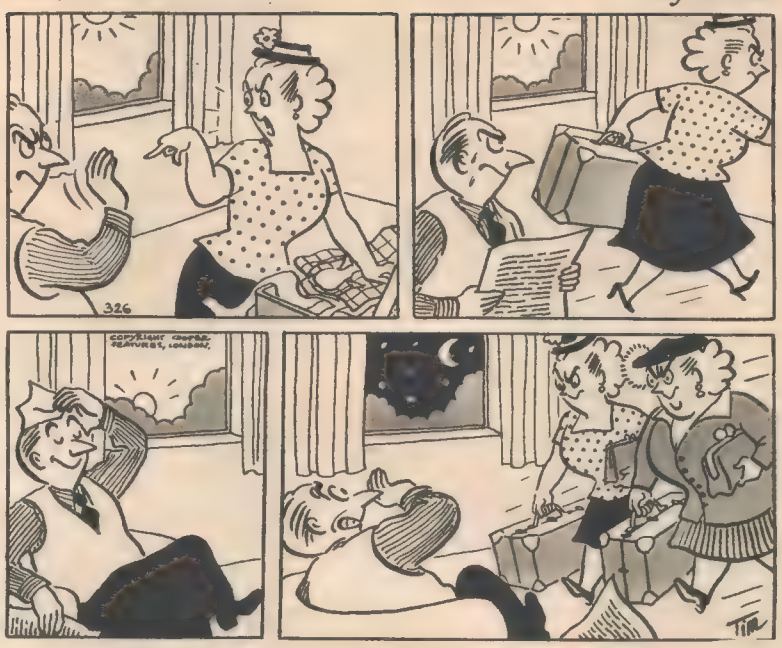
"About eight feet an hour."

Eight feet an hour. I did a quick calculation. Roughly two hundred a day. "Then twenty-five days—say a month—should see us down to the anticline?"

He nodded. "If we can keep this rate of drilling up."

We stayed until they shut down at

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



midnight. We were working two teams of four on ten-hour shifts and closing down from midnight to 4 a.m. It was the most we could do and keep it up day after day. Boy and I were taking it in turns to stand guard on the rig, Moses acting as watchdog.

We were soon settled into a regular routine. One day followed another and each was the same, the monotony broken only by the variable nature of the weather. June dragged into July and each day two more lengths of pipe had been added to the length of the drill. The heat at midday became intense when the sun shone, and the nights were less cold. Snow storms became less frequent, but whenever the sun shone throughout the morning, thunder heads would build up over the mountains around midday and then there'd be rain and the thunder would rumble round the peaks and they would be assailed by jabbing streaks of lightning. And all the time the alfalfa grew and the Kingdom was carpeted with lupins and tiger lilies and a host of other flowers.

Neither Trevedian nor his boss, Henry Fergus, had once come near us. The work at the dam was going on night and day now. Once we rode over at night to have a look at it, and where Campbell land stopped and Trevedian land began, the boundary was marked by a heavy barbed-wire fence. There was a guard on the hoist and on the dam itself and they carried guns and had guard dogs.

The sense of being cut off gradually overlaid our other feelings. In all our minds was that sense of being trapped, of not being able to get out. We were completely isolated in a world of our own.

I wouldn't have minded for myself, but my mood reacted inevitably to the mood of the others and all the time I had the uncanny feeling that we were all waiting for something to happen. Our isolation wasn't natural. Fergus couldn't ignore us indefinitely. He didn't dare let us bring in a well. And there was Trevedian. That phrase of Jean's—about slapping Trevedian in the face—stuck in my mind. The man was biding his time. I felt it. And so did Jean. Sometimes I'd find her standing, alone and solitary, her work forgotten, staring towards the dam.

And then the blow fell. It was on July 4. Boy had left that morning, taking core samples with him down to Louis Winnick, the oil consultant, in Calgary. The weather was bad and when I came on watch at midnight it was blowing half a gale with the wind driving a murk of rain before it that was sometimes sleet, sometimes hail and occasionally snow. I was wearing practically everything I could muster, for the wind was from the east and it was bitterly cold. As usual, I had Moses with me and the Luger was strapped to my belt.

The team on duty closed down the draw-works and the drill clattered to a standstill. The rig stopped shaking and all was suddenly silent except for a queer howling sound made by the wind in the steel struts of the rig. As the big diesel of the draw-works stopped, the lights snapped off and blackness closed in. Torches flickered and then the boys called out "good night" and followed along the line of markers that led back to the ranch-house, four hunched figures against the flickering light of their torches. Then a curtain of sleet blotted them out and the dog and I were alone on the empty platform of the rig.

The switch from noisy activity to utter blackness was, I remember, very sudden that night. The lights of the dam were completely blotted out and there was not even the ugly rattle of the mixers to keep me company since they were down-wind. I was alone in the solitude of the mountains.

I made the usual round of the trucks which were drawn up at various points in the vicinity of the rig. It was a routine inspection and my torch did not probe very inquisitively. It was too cold. The dog, I remember, was restless, but whether because he smelt something or had a premonition or just because he didn't like the weather I cannot say.

I finished the round as quickly as possible and then climbed to the platform. For a time I paced up and down and at length I sought the comparative warmth of the little crew shelter, a wooden hut at the back of the platform fitted with a bench.

I SMOKED cigarettes, occasionally opening the door and peering out. Time passed slowly that night. The dog kept moving about. I tried to make him settle, but every time he got himself curled up something made him get to his feet again.

It was about two thirty and I had just peered out to see it snowing hard. As I closed the door, Moses suddenly cocked his head on one side and gave a low growl. The next moment, he leaped for the door. I opened it and he shot through. And at the same instant there was a great roar of flame, a whoof of hot air that seemed to fling back the snow and seared my eyeballs with the hot blast of it. It was followed almost instantly by two explosions in close succession that shook the rig and sent great gobs of flaming fuel high into the night.

In the lurid glare of one of these liquid torches I saw a figure running, a shapeless, unrecognizable bundle of clothing heading for the dam. And behind him came Moses in great bounds. The figure checked, turned, and as Moses leaped, I saw the quick stab of a gun, though the sound of it was lost in the holocaust of flame that surrounded me. The dog checked in mid-leap, twisted and fell.

I had my gun out now and I began firing, emptying the magazine at the fleeing figure. Then suddenly the pool of flame that had illuminated him died out and he vanished into the red curtain of the driving snow.

As suddenly as they had started, the flames died down. For a moment I saw the skeletons of the two tankers, black and twisted, against the lurid background. And then quite abruptly everything was dark again, except for a few bits of metal that showed a lingering tendency to remain red hot. I hurried down from the platform of the rig and at the bottom I met Moses, dragging himself painfully on three legs. In the light of the torch I saw a bullet had furrowed his shoulder. He was bleeding badly and his right front leg would support no weight. I tried to feel whether the blade of the shoulder had been broken, but he wouldn't let me touch it.

I made a quick round of the remaining vehicles to check that there was nothing smouldering. Wisps of smoke still came from the burnt-out tankers, but there was no danger of any more fire. They were already sizzling gently and steaming as the snow settled on their twisted metal frames. Then I hurried to the ranch-house with Moses following as best he could.

Every moment I expected to meet the others running to the rig to find out what had happened. It seemed incredible to me that they couldn't have seen the glare of that blaze. And yet when I reached the house it was in darkness. There was no sound. They were all fast asleep and blissfully ignorant of the disaster. For disaster it was; I knew that by the time I'd covered half the distance to the house. The attack had been made on the one thing that could stop us dead. Without fuel we could not drill. And, like my blowing up of the road, it would be a hard thing to prove in a court of law.

As soon as I got to the ranch-house, I woke Jean and gave Moses into her care, avoiding meeting her gaze as I told her briefly what had happened. I was scared of the reproach I knew must be in her eyes. She loved that dog. After that, I woke Garry.

I think that was one of the hardest things I ever had to do, to tell Garry that two of his trucks were gone and all his fuel. I knew what he'd think—that I had started the rough stuff, that I had invited this raid. He didn't say anything when I had finished, but put on his clothes and strode out into the storm. I followed him.

When he'd looked at the damage, he said: "Well, I hope the insurance company pay up, that's all." We went into the hut then. "Cigarette?" He thrust the packet towards me. As we lit up, he said: "It might have been worse, I guess. The whole rig could have gone." He leaned back and closed his eyes, drawing on his cigarette. "We're down just over 4,200. Fortunately, the rig tank was filled up yesterday. There's probably 200 gallons or so in it. That'll get us down to 4,500. With luck, we'll only need another 700 gallons—say 1,000."

He had been talking to himself, but now he opened his eyes and looked across at me. "Any idea how we'll get a thousand gallons of fuel up here?"

"We'll have to bring it in by the pony trail," I said.

"Hmm. Twenty gallons to a pony; that means fifty ponies. Know where you can get fifty ponies? It'll make the cost about a dollar a gallon. That's a thousand bucks, and I'm broke. Can you raise a thousand bucks?"

There was nothing I could say. His big frame looked crumpled and tired. An hour later, the morning shift came on. They stood and stared at the gutted trucks, talking in low, excited whispers.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Garry shouted at them. "Get the rig going."

He remained with them and I walked slowly back to the ranch-house, hearing the clatter of the drill behind me, very conscious that they could go on drilling for just over a week and then we'd have to close down.

To be continued next week

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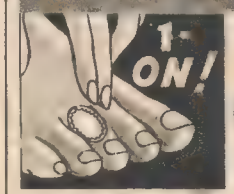

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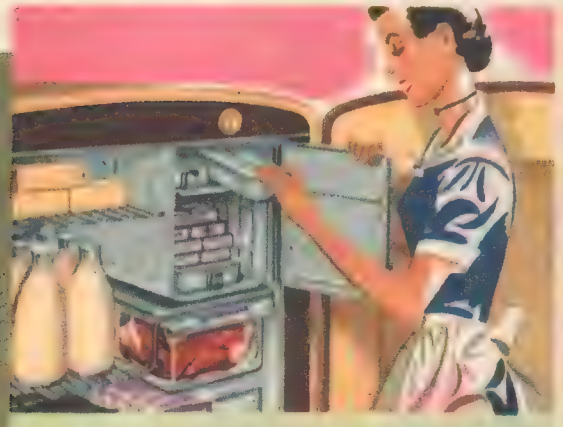

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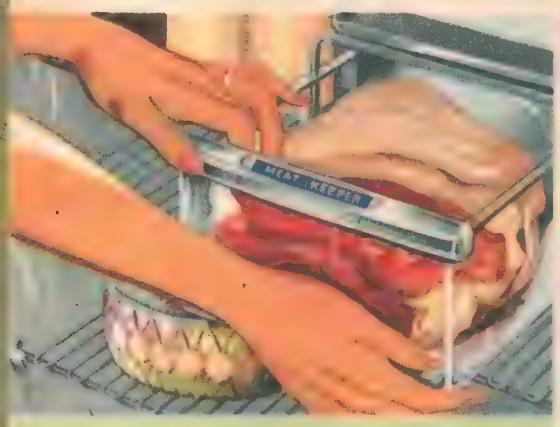

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BACK-BENCHER WHO ASKS THE AWKWARD QUESTIONS

Continued from page 15

you don't represent a stockbrokers' or miners' constituency, to show your people that you're alive. Partly because of this, and also because everyday human problems fascinate him, Dodds concerns himself mostly with bread-and-butter topics like food, clothes, taxes and popular entertainment.

It was Dodds who pressed for the building of a vast helicopter station in the heart of London, the mass-production of monkey nut suits (at the time of the failure of the groundnuts scheme), the introduction of a three-halfpenny coin, heavier penalties for drunken drivers, and even for a tea-and-sugar allocation for ladies' hairdressers—on the grounds that women had to spend "many tedious hours" under the driers. He made a name for himself by speaking up for British women in their varying quests for nylons, cheaper nylons and better nylons, and once said in the House: "Some women prefer nylons to food, drink and even husbands. Others think they are vital to getting husbands."

Wedding Rings Saved

There was also the time when Dodds, going through a batch of new Board of Trade orders in the Commons' library, came across one preventing the use of copper in the manufacture of wedding rings. He went out and consulted a jeweller, who confirmed that this would mean the end of nine-carat rings. Dodds then tabled a question which led to the withdrawal of the order. He had no success, however, with his plea some weeks ago for legislation compelling brewers and publicans to use beer glasses with a measure marked one-and-a-half inches below the rim.

He argued that the present practice of filling glasses to the top was unhygienic. A sanitary inspector had first given him the idea, but Dodds called at two public houses one Saturday night to satisfy himself. "In both cases," he says, "I saw Niagaras of overspill. It had run down the sides of re-filled glasses, picking up germs left by dirty hands. I don't know whether those two pubs re-sold the beer, but many places certainly do."

The Commons listened with tolerant amusement and Dodds got a big mail on the subject. "Most people," he admits with hurt surprise, "took a poor view of it all. They seemed to think I was interfering with their Saturday night at the 'local'."

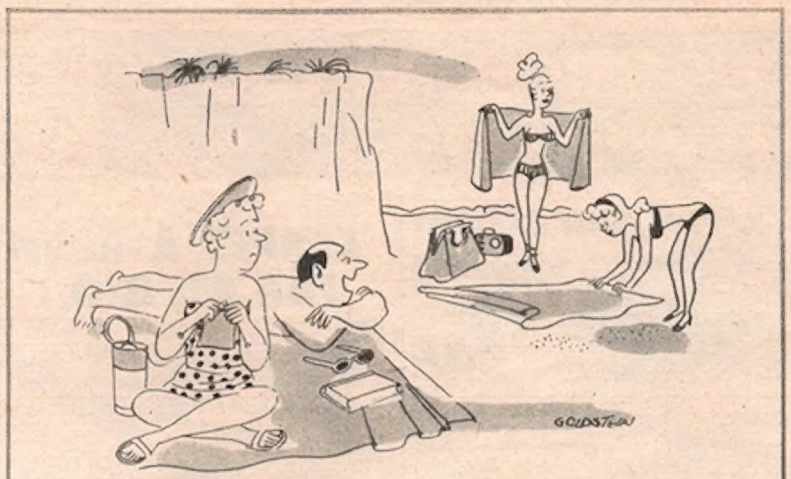
Nevertheless, Dodds is adept at popular psychology and keeps in with the public, if not always with the politicians. Carpeted on a number of occasions for getting out of step or out of hand, he has plenty of critics, inside and against his own party, who would have him conform, for motives of constitutional dignity, group discipline or personal envy, to a less publicised and more amenable orthodoxy. "But," says an acquaintance, "he's a hard nut. He pays little heed."

Election Date Tips

Dodds has immense self-confidence. It shows up most in his readiness to take chances as a General Election tipster, a rôle he acquired some months before the 1950 election when he predicted, correctly, that polling day would be February 23. When it became clear that the small majority would almost certainly mean another not-too-distant election, he was urged by newspapermen to name the day.

For a while Dodds said nothing. Then, speaking at Dartford one week-end last August, he plumped for October 25—a well-timed snippet of political clairvoyance which got so much attention in the Sunday newspapers that Dodds, his wife Eva, and two sons, Alan and Brian, had to go out for the day to get away from the incessantly-ringing telephone.

Political correspondents, M.P.s and party associates attached little more than entertainment value to the forecast, and one member of the Government even whispered to Dodds: "You're wide



"Darn it! Just when it seemed we'd have this spot to ourselves"

of the mark this time." Another M.P. dryly observed that at least it was a good way of paving the road to success with Press cuttings. "I just kept my fingers crossed," Dodds recalls. Later, when Attlee's announcement proved the guess right, many of those who had been loudest in their scepticism turned about-face and accused the M.P. for Dartford of having had inside information. "I hadn't, of course," he says now. "I relied purely on intuition. Mine was better than Hitler's—his wasn't very good."

Dodds also claims, though there is no convincing proof of it, that he gave the date of the 1945 election long before it was revealed. At that time a sergeant in the R.A.F., his political ambitions were hardly more serious than those of thousands of Servicemen about to be demobbed. Friends did not have to try very hard, however, to persuade him to be nominated, and although he really fancied a crack at Winston Churchill's stronghold of Woodford, Essex, he was adopted for Dartford, a see-saw division noted for changing its M.P. at almost every opportunity.

Human Clearing-house

In that election, he polled 36,666 votes, nearly 20,000 more than his Tory opponent. Since then, his majorities have fallen—to 13,638 in 1950 and 12,334 in 1951—but his vote has progressively risen, first to 38,128 and then to 40,094. Some pundits declare that the main reason for the dialect-speaking Tynesider's hold on what is the largest electorate in Britain—just over 79,000—is his care in seeing that his work is not only done, but, like justice, is manifestly seen to be done.

To that, Dodds's agent, Dan Stansfield, adds case work. "Norman asks some questions that don't always suit the rank and file members," says Stansfield, "but there isn't a more diligent M.P. when it comes to looking after his constituents' problems."

In fact, Dodds is a human clearing-house for pleas and complaints, not only from citizens of Dartford, but from individuals, firms, clubs, trade organizations, trade unions and cranks all over the country.

To make the most of Question Time, Dodds, like other prominent back-benchers, has made a special study of its conventions and conditions. Questions are vetted for frivolity, personal sarcasm, irony, and party propaganda, by clerks for whose literary-bureaucratic help Dodds is grateful. "I've never been educated," he explains. "I don't know how to write the Queen's English."

In spite of this handicap (he can dictate ten letters in the time it takes him to write one), Dodds has mastered the art of Parliamentary questioning, and knows the value of the "supplementary" in which, by delicate construction, a member can work off in his second question all those things that are expressly forbidden in the first.

Many M.P.s take fright at this procedural subtlety; others revel in the technique. Recently, Dodds wanted to know what was being done to get the best price for the Dome of Discovery, and planned also to get in a dig about an unfulfilled election promise. Whatever the reply of the Minister of Works, he would then ask that the Dome should be sent to the country "from which a noble lord was going to get us some red meat"—a facetious irrelevancy, but a party point. In the event, he decided against it and accepted the Minister's reply in silence. "The House hadn't warmed up," he explains. "It wasn't ready for flippancies. A pity, because Lord Woolton was looking on."

Nowadays, there is time for oral answers to only fifty or sixty of each day's quota of about 150 questions; the rest are dealt with in writing, an intimate settlement which Dodds dislikes. Consequently, he often puts questions down weeks in advance to catch Ministers on days when they are first or second on the Question Time rota. Then the odds are on getting a verbal reply.

Once, Dodds would not have dreamed of such tactics. In his first two years as an M.P., he put few questions and only a handful of "orals." But one day in Dartford he was asked by a critical housewife how he filled in his time at Westminster. "What do you do?" she inquired. "I never see your name in the papers." He had a ready answer which no more convinced him than it did his constituent. Thus, brought up against one of the harsh facts of public life, he became a one-man quiz.

Camped In The Commons

He also found other ways of keeping in the picture. When he gave the gipsies the constitutional advantages of his Parliamentary support in their quest for camping sites, he drew up a nine-point charter and called it, dramatically, The Gipsy Crusade. He had a Romany caravan brought into the Palace yard, and once welcomed (in the presence of five news cameramen) a gipsy delegation to Westminster.

In the early days of the Parliamentary stalemate, he turned up at the House one morning with a travelling rug and a battered case in which were two blankets, a pillowcase, pullover, pair of flannels, shaving kit and two sheets. Then he announced: "I'll camp here as long as the Opposition try to wear us out with all-night sittings and snap divisions. They're not going to ruin *my* health."

Dodds, a keen gymnast and open-air advocate, is one of the fittest men in the House. As a youth, he once won the twenty-two-and-a-half miles walk from Newcastle to Hexham.

Born Norman Noel Dodds in a village near Newcastle on Christmas Day, 1903, he had an elementary school education. He was a victim of the 1929 slump, and got a job in London the following summer, checking invoices. He planned to spend Christmas at home, but could not raise the fare and, with what cash he had, bought small gifts for the family. "I wrote and said I was too busy to leave London."

It was not long before the newcomer from the North was complaining of lack of opportunity and, at twenty-seven, he was transferred to the publicity side of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, a job more in keeping with his temperament.

He was invited to give his first lecture, for a fee of fifteen shillings, in Hendon. He arrived two hours early and went into a local park to rehearse. "I lost my nerve completely," he recalls. "I couldn't even get the opening sentence out."

There seemed only one way out, and he decided to ring up the organizers of the lecture and explain, as if he were somebody else, that Dodds had been taken ill. "But for the fact that I couldn't find a telephone box, I'd probably never have become a public speaker."

Dodds likes to reflect on his work in his next job, as an exhibitions organizer. Immediately after the opening of the Festival of Britain, which had his hearty backing, he criticized what he called "the lack of showmanship at South Bank." He put down a question, but withdrew it when Richard Stokes, Minister of Works at the time, arranged for him to meet Sir Gerald Barry, Director-General of the Festival. To Sir Gerald, Dodds put forward a number of ideas, notably about having costers at South Bank and Battersea Park, and such stunts as helicopter landings on the Thames.

His Fabulous Pageant

The political impresario in him came out most startlingly, however, in the summer of 1949. Political interest was flagging in Dartford and local party officials had no funds for special events. Dodds asked for a fortnight and the freedom to work on his own—and before the time was up had outlined the idea for what was to become "Operation Victory," a fabulous local pageant.

Besides processions, sports, beauty queens and open-air dancing, it included gipsy music, firework displays, a camp fire, a children's choir and, of course, a helicopter, which landed in the parks and open spaces of three constituencies.

In each place there were brief propaganda speeches. "It was all the politics we needed," recalls Dodds, who cycled with two other Labour M.P.s in open-necked sports shirt and flannels through each division.

To pay for all the junketing, he sold advertising space on the helicopter's fuselage. A tinned-food firm paid £250 to put its announcement on one side and, as he needed only £125 more to cover expenses, he let the other side go for that amount.

A year earlier, he had found a harder way of raising money for a Salute The Miner pageant. He persuaded a local firm to pay £100 to have a bombed site cleared, recruited volunteers to help him, and swung a pick for six consecutive Saturdays. "It was better than a hundred propaganda meetings," he asserts. "Crowds used to come and watch us. There seems to be something in human nature that makes people enjoy seeing an M.P. working by the sweat of his brow."

Twenty Questions Touch

The same energetic self-projection in what he believes to be the public interest was there after the 1950 and 1951 elections, when he made sure he was the first M.P. to hand in questions. Last October, the counting of the votes ended at Dartford at 2.30 a.m. Dodds got home at three and stayed awake, sustained by coffee. He shaved at six thirty, caught a workmen's train to London, and when the duty policeman opened the St. Stephen's Door as Big Ben boomed nine, Dodds handed him the necessary papers. He had not lost his touch. There were, after the fashion of the popular radio show, exactly twenty questions.

That day, his friends were already talking of his self-assertion and enterprise, and his foes of what they call his egotism and undignified stunting. The only thing they and Dodds could be commonly agreed on was his own claim: "If I hadn't become an M.P. I might have been the greatest showman in Britain."

THE END

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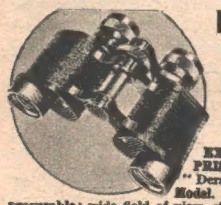

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MY SECRET MISSION FOR HITLER

Continued from page 14

how could I accept the still more serious responsibility of letting Gerlach fly off alone with the Duce? And, as there remained no other way of conveying Mussolini safely to Rome, I preferred to share the dangers of this flight, though my presence in the plane could not but increase them. In the end, Gerlach yielded to my arguments.

While my men were building a runway under Captain Gerlach's orders, I was at last able to pay the Duce some attention. He wore civilian clothes which were drab and obviously too large for him. He looked very little like the photographs I had seen of him. His features had not altered; although his face revealed marked traces of ageing.

He looked as though he had been suffering from a serious disease, an impression accentuated by a beard of several days, and by the thin hair that covered his skull, which had always been clean shaven. But his large, black, glowing eyes remained those of the dictator.

The Duce Was Hesitant

I was happy to be able to give him some good news: "We have kept constant watch on the fate of your family, Duce. The Badoglio Government has interned your wife and your two younger children on your estate at Rocca della Caminata. At the moment we landed here, another commando of men from my unit launched an operation to liberate your family. I am certain that they are free by now."

The Duce shook my hand warmly. "Then everything is all right. I thank you." He put on a black overcoat and dark hat, and we left the hotel. The Storch was ready to take off. With difficulty I crawled in behind the second seat, which the Duce was to occupy. As he was about to climb aboard, the Duce hesitated briefly; an aviator himself, he probably realized the dangers that lay ahead.

The thunder of the motor grew louder. Clinging with both hands to the steel tubes that formed the body of the small plane, I tried to balance the machine. At a signal from the pilot, the soldiers who were holding the wings let go, and immediately the propeller drew us forward. We rolled faster and faster towards the end of our improvised runway, but we still clung to the ground. I strove with every ounce of my body to maintain equilibrium. The plane jerked over several small boulders. I noticed a deep crevice cutting across our path. If we fall into that . . . I thought.

Then the Storch wrenched itself a few inches into the air. The left wheel of the landing gear struck the ground violently once again. The nose of the plane tilted downwards, and there we were at the edge of the plateau. Swerving towards the left, we went out over the brink. I closed my eyes, held my breath and waited for the crash.

We All Went Pale

The wind howled around our wings as we dived. As I opened my eyes, Gerlach got the plane under control and slowly brought it back to the horizontal. Now we had gathered sufficient speed, even in this rarefied atmosphere, to stay aloft. Scarcely a hundred feet above ground, we flew on to the mouth of the valley. We had done it!

Certainly the three of us were somewhat paler than a few minutes before, but none of us said a word. I put my hand on Mussolini's shoulder.

Presently we flew over Rome, bound for the airport at Pratica di Mare. "Watch out!" Gerlach cried. "Hold on! We're making a two-point landing."

I had forgotten that our landing gear was damaged. The pilot brought us down carefully on the right and rear wheels and we rolled along the runway.

General Student's aide-de-camp was waiting to welcome us and three Heinkel planes were ready to take off. We had little time to lose if we wished to reach Vienna by nightfall. THE END

"Secret Missions," by Otto Skorzeny, from which this adventure is extracted, is to be published by T. Werner Laurie next spring

A NOSE FOR EVIL

Continued from page 12

succeed in hiding a quick smile of pleasure.

"What is in the cases, Derek?"

The boy took a deep breath. "I don't know. Stockings and furs, I think—but they wouldn't tell me. It's all stolen stuff—they found out it was being stored in one of these garages."

"And so dog eats dog," murmured Brother Matthew. He sighed. "Then I think we can leave it where it is."

Two hours later, the first pale edge of dawn was in the sky. The lights that had burned all night at Waterloo seemed wan as trolleys rattled by, laden with milk churns and bundles of newspapers.

"You must thank Mary," said Brother Matthew, as he leaned out of the carriage window, "not me. You owe everything to her. If she hadn't been so worried by the company you were keeping, she might not have had the strength to force the truth from you about the garage business. And on the train, after you told her that the gang was meeting you, if she hadn't been so convinced that they intended forcing you into something that very night, then she might not have risked trusting a complete stranger."

Mary smiled. "I shall never regret it."

Brother Matthew beamed down at her. "Nor shall I, my child."

He then turned to the boy beside her. "Do you know, Derek, there was one thing that puzzled me for a long time. Foolishly, I jumped to the obvious conclusion, although I felt that it was not the whole truth. I even spoke to you about it—a question of loyalty."

The boy looked uncomfortable suddenly.

"The real answer came to me in the mews—after I had witnessed a remarkable full-length tackle. You saved me, Derek, from something very unpleasant and I knew then that in one way I had misjudged you."

"No, you were right all the time," Derek said, hurriedly. "I was afraid of them."

"I know. But yesterday, in the cloakroom, they had to frighten you even more—frighten you enough to make you take such a final step——"

"Yes—yes, they did. They said if—if I didn't go with them, they'd really do it."

"Do what?"

"Use—use a razor."

"Derek," said Brother Matthew. "On whose face?"

MARY gasped. For a moment she was still, then her hand moved to her brother's and held it tightly. At that moment, a whistle blew.

"Goodbye, my children," said Brother Matthew. "Write and tell me how your mother is when you go down to see her again. It isn't a very serious operation. She'll be home again soon, you'll see. Write to me whenever you want to—about everything—joys and troubles. They're all complicated and they're all straightforward. They're all our fault and they all aren't our fault. Have faith. It's as simple as that!"

He smiled happily at the boy and girl to whom his infallible nose for evil had led him. The train drew out slowly. The last thing he saw before the carriage curved away from the platform was their answering smile and wave.

He sat down and gazed out of the window, but he was not comfortable. He looked at the moonlight, paling now before the dawn, and there was a certain restlessness in the hands clasped on his lap. He closed his eyes, but the moonlit scene in a cobbled mews was still in front of him.

Silently, he began to say the first Office of the day. His hands became still. The sky lightened over the way home. And Matt Summers, one-time heavyweight champion of the Army and later professional, settled down again within the vast and peaceful bulk of Brother Matthew of Locking. THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 29 is of Yehudi Menuhin as a child.

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A THRILLING holiday at a mystery rendezvous in Switzerland, a holiday which can be for you and your companion, has been arranged by JOHN BULL. You leave London one Sunday in August to fly by luxury plane to the Alps. And marked "X" on this enchanting Swiss scene is your comfortable lakeside hotel.

"Lakes, mountains, rushing streams and icy glaciers fulfilled all our dreams of this wonderful country" — that is how Mr. G. M. Yates (West House, Bathampton, Bath) summed up a *Bullets* trip to Switzerland with his wife last summer.

"But I've never even entered a *Bullet* before!" you may say. Well, look through the prize *Bullets* announced on this page. See how neat thoughts clothed in simple but effective words have this week won cheques for others—and realize that *you* could just as well have made up any of these winners.

The current *Examples* await you here, inviting you to enjoy an amusing half-hour on building some *Bullets* for your coupon below. Start now on your way to the Alps and £500!

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1,500 "GOOD SHOT" AWARDS

"3-DINNER" BONUSES

Whole Roast Chicken, Ham and Tongue (all tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Nation In Peril
All We've Got
Stalin Smiled And
From America
Man's Footsteps
A Bit Of Old Junk
Tragedy Of Today
Showed A Profit
Hurtling Through Space
In The New School
The Prophets
Doesn't Make Sense
Romance In The Village
That Splash
To Keep Straight
As If By Magic
He's A Slogger, So
Open
Knows His Stuff
Long Ago And Far Away

Incomplete "Examples" —see Instructions above

Backbone Of The.....
Made.....Think Twice
Pleasure To.....
Robbery At The.....
Called For A.....
How She.....It

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,842 (or Xword 794) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated August 2, and in JOHN BULL dated August 9), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

"Bullets" Winners 1,837

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Riviera Holiday for Two: R. P. Taylor, 34 Beckenham Avenue, East Boldon, Co. Durham:

On Paper
Britannia's Poor—On *Parchment*?

£50: F. Machin, 53 Radcliffe Road, Wakefield: EXAMINATION PAPER—"YARDSTICK" TOO OFTEN "BLUDGEON."

£25: E. Harland, 11 Joseph Street, Stockton-on-Tees: A BIT OFF—THE PRICES, *Best* "RISE."

OTHER AWARDS. £10: G. Dickens, 11 Ebenezer Place, Barnsley: HOME WITH A RADIOGRAM—TELEVISION AND *Telephone*, DOCTOR'S! £9: S. Brooker, C.3, No. 226, Industrial Rehab. Centre, Egham: A BIT OFF—OUR "BACKS," SEA WASHES. £8: R. O. Wimbury, 96 Tower Road, Dudley: WITH A SHUDDER—GERMANS REMEMBER—REMEMBER, RUSSIA! £7: A. F. Whitmore, 13 Greville Avenue, Selsdon: MUSIC OF THE SEA—DROWNED BY "MY BAND." £6: Mrs. G. M. Channell, 131 Cliveden Road, Chester: BABY SMILED AND—DAD'S JOKE DIED HAPPY! £5: J. A. Cook, 2 Leinster Avenue, S.W.14: BRINGS THINGS BACK—WISE BORROWER—KEEPS *Friendship*. £5: Miss W. A. Southan, 83 Haslucks Green Road, Birmingham: JUST THE JOB FOR DAD—PART-TIME REST ROOM SUPERVISOR!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *"Bullets" Bulletin*.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

FINAL EUROPEAN HOLIDAYS NEXT WEEK!

FINE SUMMER PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 794**

1. You can't afford to make a mistake in casting big one
3. Some make for speed, others tend to reduce it
5. This for hunted criminal can sometimes lead to his arrest
6. Ring is directly associated with
12. What careless motorist may perhaps get from another motorist
13. It's easy to understand a man being roused by
14. Anyone becoming a cat's-paw is one

Down Clues

1. Moors and fells seem this to many holidaymakers
2. If you must take this in the dark, do it with due caution
4. To do this is one method of getting rid of dirt
7. Function of tank in this is clear
8. It's common for a runner to fail because of lacking this
9. Will usually have considerable standing in a village community
10. It's sometimes useless to attempt to correct a pronounced one
11. Now and again one makes a splash

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XWORD 789 RESULT

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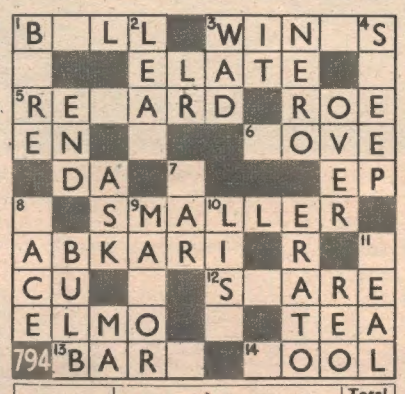
FOUR £100 SHARERS: M. C. Budd, 214 Henley Road, Ilford; W. H. Cowmeadow, 13 Christchurch Street, Cambridge; C. M. Holmes, "Lynwood," Playing Place, Truro; J. W. Honeycombe, 355 Portland Road, Hove, 3. Winners also share £25 Holiday Cash.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 59 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.



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